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LITERATURE.

Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches, 1642-1649. By John Roland Phillips, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. In Two Volumes. (London: Longmans & Co., 1874.)

WE have no hesitation in at once expressing our opinion that this contribution to the history of Wales during a most eventful period is an important and interesting one. The subject, so far as this part of our island is concerned, has been hitherto untouched, and the vast inedited materials in the British Museum, amongst the State papers, and in private collections, which Mr. Phillips has brought to light in the course of his researches, have, apart from their local attractiveness, great value in illustrating the general phases of the vital struggle between King and Commons.

The condition of the Welsh was not of a kind to enable them to form anything approaching to a fair and dispassionate opinion on the matters at stake when Charles finally broke with his Parliament and left London. The intense ignorance of the lower classes was perhaps owing in great part to the difficulties of internal communication, and the consequent seclusion from intercourse with any but their immediate neighbours. We perhaps hardly needed our author's grave assurance that in those days there were "no railways, not even canals," but it is certainly necessary for us to bear in mind that the highways of the period were so indifferently kept as to be quite impassable during the greater part of the year, and that such journeys as were imperative must be made on horseback or on foot. Not that the personal expenses of travelling would sound very alarming to modern ears, for from the accounts of the steward of an extensive estate at the beginning of the seventeenth century, which have been preserved, we may gather that the cost of a journey from Carnarvonshire to South Wales was but fifteen shillings, and half-a-crown was pocket-money enough for a man who had to go from Tremadoc to Oswestry and back. In giving us these facts, however, as well as the price of different commodities about the same period, it would have been better if the writer had furnished us at the same time with some information about the incomes or wages out of which these seemingly small charges were to be defrayed.

Having regard, then, to the debased state of the ordinary Welshmen, it is matter for no surprise that they were entirely led by such views as their superiors in position and education were pleased to take. The gentry

generally possessed houses in the towns nearest to them, and, unlike their more modern representatives, did not disdain to maintain their influence over the inhabitants by appropriating to themselves the mayoralties and chief offices of power. It is a noteworthy circumstance that, whilst the minds of the English people were to some extent enlightened on the merits of the dispute between King and Parliament by countless pamphlets and papers issuing from the presses of London and York, not a single sheet of printed matter in the Welsh language has been found which in any way bears upon the same question. There seems to be no doubt that the people of Wales as a body were at first brought to consider Charles in the right, their Parliamentary representatives having almost all of them adopted his cause; but when they found their towns filled with Cavalier soldiers, and their country generally grievously taxed for free quarters, the heavy material losses thus caused made them hesitate to believe that the comfortable doctrine of the divine right of kings was a sufficient excuse for such treatment. They found that the money raised under colour of paying the soldiers their arrears was generally lavished upon the Cavaliers at Oxford, while the poor fighting man was left to help himself as he best might. Under such circumstances we need not wonder at the indiscriminate sacking and plundering, both of friends and foes, which went on all over the country. For the Welshmen to have to provide money as well as food to their unwelcome guests seemed bad enough; but a time soon came when they had to part with their clothes also. A large body of Irish was landed in Flintshire, in November 1643, to help the King, much in the condition of Falstaff's immortal troop, with but a shirt and a half in the whole of it. Equally as confident as the latter of finding linen enough on every hedge, they pushed into the country, and commissioners were soon scouring through North Wales, impounding now whole suits, now doublets, now breeches, shoes, stockings and hats, besides cloth and frieze enough to rig out a thousand of them, which were sent to Chester to be made up.

The fighting capacities of the Welsh were first tried at the battle of Edgehill. Their equipments were, however, of the poorest description. According to a contemporary writer, "arms were the great deficiency," and the men stood up in the same garments as those in which they left their native fields; with scythes, pitchforks, and even sickles, they cheerfully took the field, and "literally like reapers descended to that harvest of death." In spite of these many drawbacks they fought most valorously at first, some of them even with cudgels, and they did not behave worse than many much better furnished companions when the panic produced by Hampden's arrival set in.

The prospects of the Parliament seem to have reached their lowest point in Wales and the Marches at the beginning of 1643. Pembroke was the only town in the principality which had declared against the King, and the position of the royalists in all parts else was almost impregnable. A large force was placed in Raglan Castle by the Marquis

of Worcester; and equally strongly garrisoned was Hereford, with Sir William Coningsby for its governor, backed by the influential Lord Scudamore of Holme Lacy. Cardiff Castle and Ludlow were quite as secure, while Shrewsbury was protected by Sir Francis Ottley and the Shropshire Cavaliers. Lord Keeper Williams had suspended for the nonce the exercise of his spiritual functions as Archbishop of York, and was hard at work converting the dilapidated and ruinous Conway Castle into a formidable stronghold. In Cheshire the royal cause was in somewhat less repute, and its opponents there were making themselves ready for action. Around Nantwich lived men of great weight, whose sympathies went entirely with the Parliament; this town, therefore, became the head-quarters of the party. Sir William Brereton, member for the county, took the lead in military matters, putting his soldiers in good confidence early in the year by defeating a strong force sent out from Chester under command of Sir Thomas Aston, with a view to capture Nantwich and to disperse the Roundheads there; the Cavaliers in this skirmish beat a disorderly retreat, lost most of their horses and arms, and many of them were made prisoners. As was the manner of all fighting Puritans, Brereton was content to ascribe his victory, not to the power of flesh and dry powder, but to the Lord of Hosts, and set apart a day of solemn thanksgiving. The subsequent events of this year, which are very clearly set forth by Mr. Phillips in the fourth chapter of his work, cannot have been quite so conclusive in Sir William's mind of the direct intervention of Providence. The close of 1643 saw the surrender of Hawarden Castle to the Royalists after a spirited defence by a mere handful of men, and the short but cruel campaign of Lord Byron, which nearly emptied North Wales of Parliamentary soldiers. Nantwich was again the only place of refuge in Cheshire, the distressed state of which town, we may note, is well depicted in a letter in Lord Denbigh's collection of original papers (an account of which may be read in the last report of the Historical MSS. Commissioners). This letter, dated December 21, 1643, and addressed to Humfrey Mackworth, describes the enemy as most potent in Cheshire, Nantwich surrounded, the country round about plundered, nineteen colours more of the Irish come over, and the Parliament men with no considerable force to contend against the enemy; and concludes with an entreaty to Mackworth

"to represent our forlorne condition to y^e Parlam^t, for whom wee have desperately engaged o^r estates and lives. Wee hope they account us friends worthy of some consideration and pity, and not to suffer us to perish in the midst of merciless men."

In commemoration of the raising of this memorable siege by Fairfax early in the following year, on January 25 or St. Paul's Day, the inhabitants, until quite recently, wore sprigs of holly in their hats upon every anniversary of it.

By the time that Charles himself thought it needful to withdraw into Wales, after the crushing defeat of Naseby, the feelings of the countrymen had undergone a complete change. No part of the kingdom at the

beginning of the struggle had been more liberal with arms and money, but now was seen great cause to regret the reposed trust. The honourable fellow-countrymen, such as Lords Capel and Carbery, under whose lead they had ventured their lives and fortunes without hesitation, had been removed to other commands or had withdrawn in disgust altogether from the fight, and their places were filled with grasping adventurers bent on their own enrichment rather than on the King's interest. Of such unscrupulous characters Lord Byron in North Wales and Sir Charles Gerard in the South were fit commanders. The revulsion of feeling is largely commented on by the Parliamentary newspapers at this time; we give a short extract from one called *The Parliament's Post* for August 19, 1645:—

"Could he get no recruits in Wales? Could not His Majesty's orations (which were eloquent enough) prevail nothing on the people? Could Digby's warrants draw no more into the sad and fatal list, although they used and abused the authority of the King? The King now complains of Wales and the hearts of the people there, which, he says, are as hard and rocky as the country. Wales is at length grown wise and happy; it was as full of corrupt and malignant blood, which being now let (like a ruinous body after a long fever) it begins to recover into health and strength."

Ignorance, however, still led some people to the King's side; at least, so the Parliament thought when it determined to educate them by drawing up a declaration about this time "to inform them aright of the Parliament." The services of a writer acquainted with the country and its folk were speedily engaged, and an edifying pamphlet written and dispersed over the six counties of North Wales. This seems to have put the finishing stroke to Charles's power in the principality. Mr. Phillips writes—

"A notable fact, that the two last fortresses in England or Wales, which were held for the King, were under the governorship of two brothers. Conway, governed by Sir John Owen, was . . . surrendered to Mytton on November 18 [1646]; but Harlech Castle, of which Col. William Owen, of Brogyntyn, was the Governor, was not delivered up to the Parliament before March 13, 1647, and even then on very honourable conditions."

This is scarcely correct, for one instance to the contrary occurs to us in the case of the Castle of Pontefract, which was not finally surrendered to the Parliament until about two years after the latest date mentioned above. It was under siege at the time of the King's execution, and when the news of it reached the defenders, Charles II. was at once proclaimed within the walls.

The second volume of this entertaining history is filled with copies of, and extracts from, the original letters, papers, pamphlets, &c., of the Civil War period, from whence the authenticity of the work is derived.

J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert (formerly Ann Taylor). Edited by Josiah Gilbert. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1874.)

In the midst of great political or religious excitement there is always a danger of books being overlooked which, whatever their in-

trinsic merit may be, deal with topics distinct from those which agitate the hour. And if this be true in a general way, the life of the wife of a dissenting minister must needs run small chance of even suitable recognition in a crisis like the present when the air seems charged with lightning, and the newspapers are full of the burning questions of the day. It appears to us, therefore, that Mr. Gilbert could hardly have published his mother's memoirs at a more unfavourable moment—unless, indeed, he had put it off any longer. In this book a passage occurs referring to an incident which happened when there was an idea of burying some one in the vault of a church which chanced to be a wine-cellar. The question was suggested, "How far does consecration go?" and, it may be that Mr. Gilbert has assumed the existence of a substratum of British humanity about whom the query how far excitement about current topics penetrates is as hypothetical as the degree of consecration claimable by a wine-cellar under a church. But, however this may be, it is indisputable that he has succeeded in painting a remarkable and attractive portrait, of which the setting is at once graceful and appropriate. In effect, too, the task has been all his own, for though the first volume is mainly made up of autobiography, it strikes us that some of the very qualities which make Mrs. Gilbert so fascinating a subject for her biographer are precisely the points which militate the most against the necessary qualifications for successful personal reminiscences. Her humility and genuine self-depreciation make her tend to slur as much as possible when it is necessary for her to speak of herself as distinct from other members of the family circle, but the lines added by her son to the outline she herself has traced are as incisive as those on the copper-plate engravings, with which all the earlier portions of his mother's life and the lives of his nearest relatives were taken up.

It is impossible to imagine anything grayer than the colouring of the young Taylors' early days after the father (a book-plate engraver, who subsequently, in 1796, became a Nonconformist minister) removed, on account of his rapidly-increasing family and its consequent expenses, from the busy locality of Holborn to the village of Lavenham, in Suffolk, where he rented a largish house and garden for the ruinous sum of six pounds a year. This expensive establishment was unapproached by either coach, road, or canal; the London waggon nodded in about once a week; and it is not exhilarating to read of the flat rivers and cold slopes, and the general damp tameness of a Suffolk landscape which surrounded it. The cheerful spirits of the subject of the memoir seem to have been quite independent of external circumstances, but something of the blight seems to have settled on her sister Jane, of whom glimpses are given just often enough to make one wish that they were more frequent. With all her morbid timidity and her objection to being "drawn out" in society, she could be smart enough at times, as witness an occasion when she was suddenly asked before a largish company, "What she considered the chief defect in

the Quaker system?" "Expecting women to speak in public, sir," was the prompt reply; and we are not sure whether there is anything in the united rhythmical effusions of the two sisters more truly poetical than the few lines by Jane Taylor descriptive of the view from her bedroom window over the Roding valley after the Taylor family had removed to Ongar:—

"Twilight already stealing over the landscape shades yonder sloping corn-field, whence the merry reapers have since gathered up the precious fragment. Now all are gone; the harvest moon is up; a low mist rising from the river floats in the valley. There is a gentle stirring among the leaves of the tall elm that shades our roof—all besides is still."

This is of a higher order of merit than "Twinkle, twinkle little star," one of her contributions to *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, by which she and her sister are entitled to the gratitude of two generations of children. At Lavenham most of the family occupied themselves with line engraving, and we feel that in future we shall be unable ever to look again at an old copper-plate without a sensation of pity for the author of the weary process which Ann Taylor so minutely describes, and in which the credit and satisfaction gained are so incommensurate with the pains it entails. At first it was intended to bring Jane and Ann up as engravers by profession, but the first was relieved by death, and the second by marriage, from the necessity of working for her bread. Moreover, literature had for both more abundant charms. Ann wrote more or less all her life, leading off with an election song, and contributing occasional reviews to a then leading publication, the *Eclectic*, written in the vigorous prose which characterises all that is given of her correspondence. Therein (the *Eclectic*) she handled Hannah More's *Christian Morals* with a caustic fearlessness which quite took that worthy lady, then in the zenith of her fame, by surprise, and about which she expressed her displeasure in a manner unworthy of her genius. A review of Miss Edgeworth's *Tales* was among the same, and the last, contributed after she married Mr. Gilbert, had for its subject Miss Hamilton's popular essays, which drew forth her opinion upon a question on which she always felt strongly, viz., the proper sphere of women, and of which her whole life gave evidence how qualified she was to speak. After her marriage and the removal of Mr. Gilbert to a pastorate near Sheffield, her mind was characteristically filled with the duties of her new position, and in her letters to her mother she solicits advice, from that competent authority upon "ironing" and "getting-up," the composition of mince-pies and the mystery of puddings for the sick; and her ordinary literary occupations suffered serious eclipse at one time through the superior charms of her baby boy, whose attractions form the burden of innumerable letters to her brother and sister, though she is afraid that Jane and Isaac might find the child troublesome, "yet, I assure you, we can hardly help thinking it exceedingly interesting when he breaks a plate, pulls over the tea-cups, and drags the green cloth with everything upon it off the table." Nevertheless, amid the cares of a

large family, not unvisited by sickness and death, her interest in politics seemed to increase with the requirements of the age. Her philanthropic instincts caused her to take a keen interest in the anti-slavery movement, and she contributed with her pen considerably towards the literature of the question in the newspapers and elsewhere; and a memorial to the Queen, praying for the repeal of the Corn Laws from the women of Nottingham, was drawn up by the same forcible and earnest hand. On this subject she felt strongly, being convinced that bad legislation was at the root of the distress, and that, when the violence of the counter-current may be gathered from the fact that a respectable northern paper spoke of an expected visit of "that Bright" to a northern county, adding that it was to be hoped some stalwart yeoman might be found ready to treat the disaffected vagabond as he deserved. In the potato famine she saw the very finger of God, causing as it did the withdrawal of the Peel Government and the summoning of Lord John Russell to repeal the Corn Laws; and when after all Sir Robert carried the measure, in spite of the unparalleled obloquy with which his own party visited him, she exclaimed: "Oh! brave Sir Robert. How nice to see that a soft potato slung by the hand of Providence has killed the giant." Her enthusiasm for progress, however, stopped short at Women's Rights, about which she wrote a remarkable letter when solicited to join the agitation for the franchise. "My left hand has much to complain of," she says in conclusion thereof—"never either wears a thimble or holds a pen! But I do not find myself injured by this partial arrangement: one has the work and the other the needle, and so I manage between them." With all her love of the picturesque and her intense clinging to old associations, she was never repelled by the prosaic accessories of a useful change. With her large correspondence, it was perhaps natural that she should welcome "the glorious penny post;" but one who was moved to tears by the picturesque associations of the old stage-coach, and who during the happiest days of her life had ridden behind her husband on a pillion among the Lincolnshire fens, must have been severely tried by the introduction of railways. But it was otherwise with her. In the neighbourhood of Nottingham, many acres used to be covered with purple crocuses—a perfect flood of lilac, rivalling, according to William Howitt, whatever has been sung of the fields of Enna. Always on March 20, Mr. Gilbert's birthday, did the two walk down to the crocus meadows, and it may be conceived with what unutterable pain, after he was no more, the devoted wife and sensitive poet saw the crocuses gradually disappearing in enclosures, or the ground being turned up with the spade or harrow. Few could have blamed her if in consequence she had permitted her subjective impressions to colour all her future views on this aspect of modern improvement and progress; yet to her the sod of a sweet pasture turned up by the ruthless navy was a necessary oblation to make room for the great power which, conquering time and space, would weave together

all the peoples of towns and lands, and destroy the long and bitter separation between families. In her seventy-first year she crossed the Border for the first time, arriving at Edinburgh "not a bit tired with our 400 miles' journey, thanks to that blessed Stephenson. How kindly I thought of him all the way, but especially at Newcastle, the cradle of his greatness," adding, however, "Who ever can exist in such a smoke!" She did not prolong her stay there: she had no such severe means of testing a sentiment which she later on, in her eighty-second year, expressed: "There is something almost of poetry to me in a large place of business," and added: "The clatter of a factory has music in it, and suggests, if one but listen with the right ear, not simply pounds, shillings, and pence." This is among the noblest developments of the larger poetic faculty, which, while keenly alive to, and acutely suffering from, the disappearance of conditions which display picturesque aspects, yet, nevertheless, sees beyond them the wiser issues which are involved in their destruction.

We feel that in spite of all we have tried to do, we have lamentably failed in conveying a graphic picture of this remarkable and peculiarly interesting woman, who would, if one felt inclined to classify her, occupy a sort of sphere distinct from both the type of Mrs. Somerville and the ideal wife of the poet, "a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food," which it has been wittily observed is, after all, no more than a savage might say of the missionary he was about to eat. It is with regret, too, that we must perforce be brief in speaking of Isaac Taylor, not the least remarkable of the family group, whose drawings, for their original power, drew forth the praise of William Haydon, and who contended with Sir William Hamilton for the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh in 1836, which he lost by three votes. It was characteristic of the generosity and humility which was common to the whole family, that he always considered his rejection in favour of so distinguished an opponent fortunate for both the University and himself. As an author, too, he was likewise famous in his day; but we forbear to quote his works, fearing they will not convey much impression to an oblivious generation. And indeed, in the eyes of many, the interest of this memoir itself may possibly be impaired by the contrary assumption of the editor in speaking of the lions of the time he deals with. One requires to refer to Mrs. Gilbert's own writings to justify her natural pride that an article by Dr. Olinthus Gregory had been put aside for one of her own, or realise, with regard to those particular persons, the enthusiasm awakened in her girlish heart by a personal introduction to Joanna Baillie, Dr. Aiken, and Mrs. Barbauld. Hannah More, William Haydon, and Kirke White are ghosts of the past; and even Sir Robert Peel, in spite of his recent biography, is to the present generation little more than a sort of spirit of conscience made colossal through the mirage of time. But the tender womanliness, the wide intelligence, and intuitive sympathies of Mrs. Gilbert, and the energy, affection, and fidelity of the family group of which she was one of the

central figures, are of no time, but are part and parcel of the happier inheritance of humanity. No one will deny to the compiler a right to the pride with which he regards his relations, or fail to feel, after reading his book, that the sod covers few hearts more tender and true than those where, to quote his own words, across the sweet valley of the Roding, the bells of Stanford and Navestock "answer each other through the mist."

FRANCES M. CHARLTON.

Essays, Political, Social, and Religious. By R. Congreve. (London: Longmans & Co., 1874.)

THIS volume is apparently intended to be in some sort a public manifesto of Positivism, for it is a republication, with some few exceptions, of all the utterances, public and semi-public, which have been delivered during the past eighteen years by Mr. Congreve, who is the acknowledged leader of Comte's complete disciples in this country. Most of the contents have been already published as occasional pamphlets, and when they appeared received the least possible amount of public attention; so that Mr. Congreve has done well to collect them in this permanent shape, by which he secures a larger audience and also proclaims the common aim which has animated all his writings. They may be most properly classified, not so much by their subject matter as by the different audiences for whom they were originally intended: and thus the book will divide itself into two parts, the one containing appeals to the general public advocating the political and social doctrines of Comte, and the other sermons addressed to an inner circle of professed adherents touching the development of the religion which Comte founded.

To commence with that department of politics to which the followers of Comte in this country have especially devoted themselves, as affording them the most appropriate field for influencing the public mind. By far the greater number of the popular essays in this volume are concerned with International Policy, including under that term the relations of England with all other peoples in Europe and elsewhere who do not form a permanent and integral part of her own community. In his treatment of this subject Mr. Congreve does not confine himself to an historical retrospect, wherein the Positivist system is admitted to be very strong, but in direct fulfilment of his "onerous duty as a conscious servant of Humanity," takes up one by one the burning questions of modern politics, and with unbending austerity offers for acceptance or refusal the one practical solution which Positivism dictates. Gibraltar, India, Ireland, and the Ashantee war, are the headings of a class of essays by which the whole may be best judged, for the principles they lay down are typical of the entire system, and the line of conduct which they recommend is most opposed to the cherished sentiments of ordinary Englishmen. The whole of the Positivist doctrine on this subject may be summed up in a moral duty based upon an historical theory; of which neither the one nor the other ought to sound strange to

English ears, but yet they have met with scarcely any favour outside the body of strict Positivists. The aid of history is called in to establish as a fundamental conception the existing State system of Europe as an organic whole, depending for its reality upon the close mutual action of its independent members, and standing out in marked contrast against the less civilised nations in Asia, Africa, and elsewhere. Upon this conception, which, if rightly understood, requires for its acceptance the mere recognition of the plainest facts in universal history, is based the scheme of international morality, which in its outline is equally simple. It merely consists in the transference of admitted moral duties from private to public life, so that the states of Europe may be guided in their conduct to one another not by their own fancies of national interest, but by the obligations of universal morality, and thus at harmony within themselves may be strong enough to exercise a joint protectorate over all the less advanced tribes of mankind. Such in their most general form, and divested of a certain amount of peculiar phraseology, are the Positivist principles of international policy, against which little can be alleged, except that their realisation lies rather in the remote than in the immediate future. It is certain that they will favourably bear comparison with any other theory of foreign policy which is popular in this country, and that they present the special merit of comprehending all possible questions of international conduct, for they apply to our relations to our colonies and our dependencies no less than to our equals in Europe. It is Mr. Congreve's special object in the essays referred to above to do his best to hasten on the future, by recommending the immediate adoption of these principles by England, which involves a more thorough reversal of her course of foreign policy than most Englishmen would care to admit. In this continual reference to practical conduct consists the peculiar merit of Mr. Congreve's method. He permits no popular illusions to interfere with the entire appreciation of that which he has to teach. He will not leave his scheme of policy merely in the region of theory, where it is probable that many would approve of it who would not follow it into its applications. He knows that to be successful he must achieve a fundamental revolution in public sentiment, and he will have no half-hearted adherents who shrink from the logical consequences of their admissions. To take the case of Gibraltar, as being perhaps the least involved in its circumstances. Tried by the standard of international morality, our retention of that fortress is utterly unjustifiable. Does it not violate the moral conscience of Europe just as much as the occupation of Venice offended the just desire of the Italians for national unity? Its advantage to England is doubtful, and if its advantage were never so great, ought we to consider anything beyond our clear duty to Spain? These are the sort of questions which Mr. Congreve asks, and presents a plain case, in which there is no alternative but to refute his principles, or to accept his conclusions. To pass to the subject of India, which is somewhat more complicated, Mr.

Congreve's essay on this subject was first published during the sepoy mutiny, on an occasion when it was yet doubtful whether we should be able to reconquer our empire, and when the attention of those at home was more turned to Indian affairs than ever before or since. It is now republished without the slightest alteration at a time when the government is acting not with the severity of an executioner, but with unexampled benevolence, and when the English people are priding themselves on the bounty of their charity, no less than formerly on the justice of their vengeance, but yet this change of circumstance in no wise impairs the permanent value of the principles which it lays down. There were many at that time who thought that an empire that could be maintained only by a cruel use of the sword was not morally defensible, and all doubted whether it was politically safe; but when judged by the broad rules of duty, our position would not be justified, even if we have this year in Bengal saved hundreds of thousands of lives, as it is certainly not rendered thereby one whit the more secure. It is granted on all hands that we cannot look forward to the retention for ever of India as a conquered country; the maxim of "India for the Indians" has been recognised both in royal proclamations, and in the admission of natives to posts of honour and emolument. It is commonly said that our government is a trust, of which the obligations are most onerous, and the advantages very small. No one, however, either in writing or speaking has attempted to define the process by which we are to prepare India for self-government, or to fix the time at which she shall go free. In this, as in so many similar subjects, we are content to drift with circumstances, and to shirk the responsibility of the future, salving our consciences with the fallacious boast that we do not rule India for our own benefit. Here again Mr. Congreve compels us to look our inconsistencies in the face, and if we confess our duty to be our guide, then to follow that guide whithersoever it shall lead. He himself pronounces that we ought to leave India at once, merely waiting long enough to soften the violence of the change. It may be doubted whether he has laid sufficient stress upon the probable consequences that would result to India from such a step; for he passes them over with a few words, and without distinctly indicating their nature. It may be true, as he argues, that the plain moral conclusion overrides all other considerations, and that we are incapacitated owing to our personal interest from judging impartially as to these future contingencies. But yet before the question can be regarded as settled, even in its moral aspect, we are bound to picture to ourselves what the probable condition of that great peninsula would be when we were gone; and this Mr. Congreve absolutely refuses to attempt. This, however, is a small fault, which might be remedied almost by any one tolerably acquainted with the history of India. It is more important to draw attention to the weakest point in Mr. Congreve's treatment of all political questions. He has not taken sufficient pains to place himself in that attitude which would give

most weight to his opinions. He continually appears to dictate rather than to persuade. All his public writings seem to have been published with the object of disburdening his own soul, and not of influencing the minds of others. As a consequence of this, a deep tinge of melancholy pervades the whole, which only does not become despair, because of his absolute confidence in the future victory of his views. To this same cause may be traced his imperfect appreciation of the difficulties which stand in his way. He seems to imagine that the particular duties which he recommends England to perform are more important than the general adoption of his principles. There is a disagreeable bluntness in the directness with which he persistently opposes himself in season and out of season to the national sentiments. In disregard of the Positivist maxim, "inflexible in principle, conciliatory in practice," he presses on the details before the foundations have been sufficiently prepared. For example, during the Mutiny when the lives of hundreds of English families were in jeopardy, he expresses a fervent hope that India may not be reconquered; not considering that, though the occasion was most opportune for a reconsideration of our national obligations, the feelings of an honourable patriotism should at such a crisis be treated with respect, even if they ought not to override the higher duties to humanity. Yet further, supposing that the English had at that time been driven out of India, little would have been gained for the principles which Positivism holds dear. It might have been better both for India and for England, and therefore no cause for regret, but it would not necessarily have contributed towards the introduction of international morality, without which as a deep-seated conviction in the mind of a nation, any isolated event is of little value. The one thing wanted is to convert public opinion by inculcating that foreign policy should not be abandoned to the caprice of professional diplomatists and to the chances of the future, but that it is the duty of every citizen to interest himself in these questions, so that the moral sense of the people at large may rise superior to temporary prejudices, and to the interests of any particular class. Towards this consummation Mr. Congreve's book will no doubt afford much assistance, but it would have done yet more good, if he had been more careful to treat our national weaknesses with consideration.

Those essays in which Mr. Congreve addresses himself to the limited circle of strict Positivists have a peculiar interest for such as have extended their sympathies to the singular religion which Comte founded as his latest creation, but to the general reader, who may not be familiar with that system, they will appear repulsively strange, from their curious admixture of the practical with the visionary, and of Catholic reminiscences with a belief that repudiates God. They place before us as in a picture the actual condition of the Positivist Church, neither exaggerating its strength, nor concealing its failures, and they also reveal the peculiar bent of Mr. Congreve's own character, and the changes which it has undergone. The first two of these writings, to which alone the title of sermon is prefixed, were delivered

in London in the years 1859 and 1860 on the anniversary of Comte's birth, and are intended to inaugurate the English branch of the Church of Humanity; and both in their general aim and in their style they stand in marked contrast to the remainder. It is not only that they are more cheerful and hopeful in their tone, for that might be expected at the first gatherings of newly converted disciples, but they are inspired with genuine eloquence, and couched in conciliatory language. In them Mr. Congreve represents himself not as the authoritative exponent of a small and exclusive sect, but merely as one who, having transferred his zeal from Christianity to that which recommends itself to him as a less inconsistent and more comprehensive faith, desires above everything that other men should share in his own satisfaction of soul. In them too he spares no pains to make Positivism attractive rather than to render it systematic: no appeal to the sentiments is omitted and no aid from the imagination is disregarded: while the whole is hallowed by his ardent devotion to the memory of his dead master, and by the deliberate adoption of phrases which have passed from the Bible and the Liturgy into the common language of the spiritual life. The two essays printed in French, which were delivered as addresses to the French Positivists in Paris mark an intermediate stage; for Mr. Congreve seems to have felt as much at home with his audience as with their language, and in their presence to have freed himself from that overwhelming consciousness of responsibility, which is evidently growing upon him. It must be added also that the Positivist doctrine wears its original French dress with better grace than its adopted English one, and that some of its features which in English offend by their extravagance appear in French but little worse than legitimate figures of speech. With Mr. Congreve especially is this consideration forced upon the reader, for his own English style is not free from the imputation of Gallicism. Indeed the idea forcibly suggests itself that through long pondering over the volumes which contain the beginning and the end of Positivism, he originally thinks in French, and that the somewhat singular French of Comte, and then has to translate his thoughts into his native tongue. This defect of style is particularly apparent in the last portion of this volume, which contains his annual addresses to the Positivist Church for the last six years: and in other respects too this forms the least pleasing part of the book. To these later addresses Mr. Congreve has perhaps justly ceased to give the name of sermons; and in truth, though they are no less concerned with religion than the two earlier ones, they may properly be called lectures following out the system into practical details, and expounding what the conduct of Positivists should be with reference to the political circumstances of the time. It is part of their object also to review year by year the condition of the Positivist Church, to state what progress it may have made, and to remark upon whatever symptoms there may be which show that its influence is spreading. In all

these matters the lecturer fully acts up to the responsible duties he has undertaken, and he has laid down much that is of value, and is unduly neglected by others, both in his general principles and in his occasional suggestions. The essay headed "Education" is more particularly deserving of attention, as being a most thorough and novel contribution to a subject which has of late become the favourite topic of every political charlatan; and in the essay next but one following are to be found some original remarks upon the moral disadvantages that attend the propensity towards emigration, which is at present so much encouraged as the one safety-valve for political discontent. However, despite all their merits, which are many, there is a certain tone pervading this latter division of the essays which it is not agreeable to notice. Mr. Congreve writes as if he were aware that his position is growing daily more isolated, and that the Positivist solution of social questions is making less way in the world than he had once expected. His own character seems to have hardened, and to have become less enthusiastic: and the system which he offers for our acceptance has become more exacting in its details, and is less softened by any condescension to human frailty. The comprehensive and genial charity of the first sermon is in the last lecture changed almost into bitterness. At page 298 we read with reference to Positivist sympathy with earnest Christians:

"We can look on you as unconscious servants of Humanity. We are glad that you should look on us, as I know some have done, as the unconscious servants of Christ."

But in the few last pages of the book:

"The professed servants of Humanity must lead in the struggle to eliminate God; and that this is the essential element in the whole existing perplexity is forcing itself upon all. . . . We must make it necessary for men to take their sides in the fight: openly and avowedly to take service in one or other of the opposing camps, to bring face to face the two beliefs, the belief of the Past, the belief in God, and the belief in the Future, the belief in Humanity, and to choose deliberately between them."

These are the closing words of the last essay in the volume, and deserve quotation, not only from the prominent position they thus occupy, but also as being a strong expression of that tendency in Positivism already commented upon which so greatly weakens its influence for good.

The limits of our space prohibit us from examining at greater length the vast amount of interesting matter which this volume contains: but it has been of deliberate purpose that no allusion has been made either to the sacred objects of the Positivist religion, or to the peculiar forms of its worship. There is much scattered through the book which an uncandid critic might select for ridicule, and no quotations illustrative of this subject could be appreciated apart from their context, nor could they be fairly offered to anyone who has not taken some pains to comprehend the entire system. It only now remains to notice some of the general causes which have retarded the growth of Positivism in this country, and will to a certain extent interfere with the favourable acceptance of Mr. Congreve's work. First of all,

modern science, under the influence of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer, by its hostile declarations, has weakened the scientific foundation of Comte's philosophy. The late downfall of France has produced an unreasonable contempt and antipathy for any social scheme that originates on the other side of the Channel. Material prosperity, that has spread so widely among all classes, has brought with it in company with a political reaction a general indifference to all fundamental forms of spiritual revival, so that the new faiths of Comte and Mazzini are held of less importance than minute questions of merely sectarian interest. But above all these causes, the Positivists themselves, in their premature desire to realise the Utopia which their master conceived, have been their own worst enemies; for by the terrible definiteness of their system they have repelled disciples, who would otherwise have been attracted by the lofty standard of their morality, and the simplicity of their lives.

JAMES S. COTTON.

The University of Cambridge from the Earliest Times to the Royal Injunctions of 1535. By James Bass Mullinger, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. (University Press, 1873.)

THE title of Mr. Mullinger's excellent book hardly does justice to the subject as he has treated it. So little is known of Cambridge in the early part of the Middle Ages that he has, as a necessary preliminary to its later history, given us a full account of the system of education as it grew up in Europe gradually, especially at the great mother university of Paris; since the institutions of both Oxford and Cambridge, as well as those of Prague, Vienna, Heidelberg, and Cologne, were modelled on those of their French teachers. We have hitherto had no satisfactory book in English on the subject. The preface to Mr. Anstey's *Munimenta Academica* only contains a slight sketch, and that solely in reference to Oxford. A glance at our author's table of contents will show that he has endeavoured to trace the connexion between the mental culture of the country and its general history, "to point out in how great a degree the universities have influenced the whole thought of the educated classes, and have in turn reflected the political and social changes in progress both at home and abroad."

The University age commences in the twelfth century, up to which time nearly all learning had been the exclusive possession of the Church. The traditions of Roman culture lingered long in Gaul, at Autun, Trèves, Lyons, and Bordeaux; in the works of men like Antonius and Sidonius we can trace the transition into the Barbarian age. This is clearly described in an essay on "Heathens and Christian Culture in Gaul during the fifth and sixth Centuries," in Von Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch* for 1869. It was the merit of the great men of the last classical age to have maintained the struggle with barbarism until the barbarians had become partially civilised, and this again was the great service rendered by Charlemagne and Alfred when fresh hordes of heathen tribes renewed the work of destruction.

The dreadful state of society drove men to the monastic system, for in the monastery alone could many of the best men live an honest and true life. The growth of monasticism may almost be taken as an index of the state of society; when such a life becomes again possible in society, monasticism at once tends to decline. The early glories of Ireland may be connected with the fact that her cloisters were places of refuge for many fugitives, and she repaid her debt to Europe by evangelising nearly all England and part of the continent. In the eighth century Northumbria is the main home of European culture under Bede and Alcuin; and Alcuin imparts his knowledge to the Court of Charlemagne. The piety of Gregory the Great is said to have been injurious to the cause of classical learning, and unfortunately Charlemagne's son Louis the Pious, and Alcuin himself, were equally averse to the poetry of their German ancestors. Louis threw his father's collection of the heroic lays into the fire, and we find Alcuin saying, "What has Hiniold (Ingeld) to do with Christ?" (Ep. 81, ed. Jaffé). Alcuin actually mentions, in his *Life of S. Willibrord* (p. 47, Jaffé), King "Ongendos," whom we only know of else from the famous poem of Beowulf, so that he might have preserved for us invaluable materials. Yet Alcuin was perhaps the main author of the educational revival which marks the close of the eighth century. Hitherto the privileges of the monastic schools had been jealously confined by the Benedictines to their own order; they were now thrown open to the secular clergy. A slight element of lay education existed in the Palace School, where Charlemagne himself participated in the instruction given. That instruction was almost entirely founded on the works of five authors—Orosius, Martiannus, Boethius, Cassiodorus, and Isidorus—all for the most part compilers from greatly superior Greek and Roman treatises. Orosius had written a sort of Christian school history at the request of S. Augustine; his contemporary Martiannus gives a general sketch of the seven liberal arts, which transmitted to the universities of Europe the ancient division of the Trivium and Quadrivium. Cassiodorus wrote a similar manual half a century later, but its meagre remarks on all subjects except logic show how the traditions of pagan culture were dwindling before the combined influences of a narrow theology and barbaric rule. The *Origines* of Isidore, compiled yet half a century later, in the comparatively undisturbed Visigothic kingdom of Spain, is a kind of encyclopaedia of sacred and profane learning, a collection of the fragments of knowledge still discoverable. Boethius wrote for a higher class than the others, for the old Roman patricians, still in large measure heathen, to whom Jupiter Optimus Maximus was still the lord of heaven and earth; and we owe to him the transmission of that element of purely Greek thought which was during seven centuries nearly the sole remaining tradition of the Aristotelian philosophy preserved by Western Europe. Of course the chief writers also knew their Latin poets, and Alcuin gives (p. 128, Jaffé) a curious list of the authors known in the

School of York, fitting their names into his hexameters as he can, e.g.:—

"Quidquid et Althelmus docuit, quid Beda magister,
Quae Victorinus scripsere Boetius atque,
Historici veteres, Pompeius, Plinius, ipse
Acer Aristoteles, rhetor quoque Tullius ingens."

But our concern here is not with what individual writers knew, but with the school teaching of Europe, such as it continued until the rise of the University of Paris. The Cambridge historian, Carter, quotes, without any apparent doubt, a letter from Alcuin to the scholars of Cambridge! but Mr. Mullinger gallantly gives this up, and allows that Ingulphus himself is only an "historical novel," and that we really know next to nothing about Oxford and Cambridge prior to the college era, which begins with Merton (or with William of Durham's foundation of University College) at Oxford in 1264, and with Peterhouse at Cambridge in 1284. He therefore proceeds to give a full account of the progress of education at Paris. And this is right, for the course of study there, the collegiate system, even the regulations of the Sorbonne, were imitated with scrupulous fidelity in England. So much was this acknowledged to be the case, that when Henry VI. set up a new University at Caen, Paris was able to make a strong protest at the Council of Basle against this dangerous rival (Bishop Bekynton's *Correspondence*, pref. p. cx). The English, however, maintained that if Oxford and Cambridge owed their constitution to Paris, the debt had been more than repaid in the teachers whom Paris had received from England.

The monastic and episcopal schools continued to exist long after the rise of the Universities, but they represented only the stationary and traditional element, and therefore naturally declined as the new institutions began to widen the domain of knowledge. In the latter part of the twelfth century there were three great Universities in Europe—Bologna, Paris, and Salerno—the first famous for its Civil Law, the second for Arts and Theology, the third for Medicine. All three grew up naturally; their legal incorporation as Universities followed at a later time. The teaching of Bologna grew up round the *Pandects*, that of Paris round the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard—as expounded to an audience not composed of the religious orders, and more in sympathy with the secular power than with the Papacy.

In the year 1109 Anselm died, whose works, like the *Proslogium* and the *Cur Deus Homo* created scholastic theology. In that same year William of Champeaux opened a school of logic at Paris, and Abelard was his pupil. Abelard's *Sic et Non* contained a series of quotations from the Fathers on the positive and also on the negative side of many theological questions. Peter Lombard, in his *Book of Sentences*, put forward propositions tending to explain these difficulties either by subtle "distinctions," or by resolving them into a higher unity. His book was not at first favourably received by all; and one of his pupils, John of Cornwall, attacked his views on the "Incarnation" (in the *Eulogium ad Alexandrum Papam III.*), and advocated their condemnation at the Council of Tours, 1163, at

which Becket was present. Still the book made its way, being the first of a long series of attempts to obtain for the doctrines of the Church a scientific system. The name of Aristotle never occurs in the treatise, but before the death of Thomas Aquinas, in 1274, the whole of Aristotle's writings, in versions either from the Greek or the Arabic, became known to Western Europe: one of the former is by John of Basingstoke, two of the latter by Adalard of Bath (who also translated Euclid) and Michael Scot. These translations also awakened the jealousy of the Church, and it was only gradually that the Aristotelian views were incorporated into the scholastic philosophy. The new teaching drew numbers of foreigners to Paris; but one of the usual quarrels between the students and the citizens in 1228, in which Queen Blanche took the side of the latter, caused a general migration—to Rheims, Angers and Orleans. It was at this juncture that Henry III. issued a general invitation to them to come and settle in England. Many settled at Oxford and Cambridge, and it was from these refugees that Matthew Paris heard the whole story. In a writ issued in 1231 for the better regulation of the University, the presence of many students "from beyond the seas" is distinctly adverted to. Another writ provides that every student shall be under the tuition of some Master of Arts, the earliest trace perhaps of any organisation. Henceforward the intercourse with Paris was very close. Some of our most eminent men, such as Giraldus Cambrensis, Robert Grosseteste, Roger Bacon, Stephen Langton, studied at both Oxford and Paris—a custom which lasted down to the time of Wiclif. Similar affrays between town and gown led in England to attempts at founding new universities at Northampton and Stamford, but these attempts at establishing another *studium generale* had little success. Long afterwards we find a Bishop of Durham giving leave of absence to some of his clergy to go and study at any place where there was a *studium generale* (see the *Registrum Palatinum Dunelmense* of Bishop Kellawe, 1311–1316, e.g. p. 155). Hitherto the Dominicans had the lead at Paris, and the Franciscans in England; but the popularity of the mendicant orders waned as rapidly as it rose. Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln (Oxford was in the diocese of Lincoln then), and Roger Bacon still looked for reform within those bodies, but in that very generation the change came from without. Statesmen, such as Walter de Merton, began to entertain the idea of establishing colleges in which men might be trained for the service of God in Church and State, and into which no monk or friar was to be admitted. Law and medicine were then professed by the "clergy" as well as theology, and the word, in fact, included all the professional classes. One of the Merton fellows was especially ordered to teach grammar, and it is to be noted that English as well as Latin enters into his province of instruction. Balliol, University, Oriel, Peterhouse (Cambridge) all copied the Merton statutes, Merton having from the first taken a decided lead. Within its walls were trained the minds that chiefly

influenced the thought of the fourteenth century. There Duns Scotus was educated and taught. Thence came William of Occam, the revolutioniser of the philosophy of his age, and the champion of the Civil Power against the Papacy. Richard FitzRalph too was the precursor of Wiclif. With the advance of the century the palm of intellectual superiority had been transferred from Paris to the English Universities, and Oxford now began to supply some of the ablest and most influential teachers at Paris. The spirit of nationality too was becoming strong. In 1348 the University of Prague was founded in connexion with Oxford; in 1365 that of Vienna, "the eldest daughter of Paris." To Paris, therefore, little more than France was now left.

The commencement of the University of Paris, its mental activity under the influence of the Mendicants, and its rapid collegiate growth, are the three cardinal features in its early annals, which Oxford reproduced with singular fidelity. Mr. Mullinger regrets that no equally full sketch can be given of the growth of Cambridge; he therefore fills up the gap by a more detailed account of the early institutions of the place. The hostels (*i.e.* lodging-houses under a principal) provided for and absorbed the pensioner class in the University. The college was originally composed only of a master, fellows, and sizars. But we can only here refer to our author's detailed analysis of the early statutes, which has an interest even at the present day.

In the remarkable year 1349 the "black death" fell on the Universities with peculiar severity, and to recruit the thinned ranks of the clergy no fewer than three colleges were created at Cambridge, including Trinity Hall in 1350—which, however, was designed only for students of civil and canon law—and in this we trace an echo of the traditions of Avignon, traditions anything but beneficial in a centre of culture of the higher order. And it was against the canonists of Avignon that William of Occam and Marsilius of Padua waged war in the interest of the scholastic philosophy. William and Marsilius were both Franciscans, for the mendicant orders had again obtained influence in the Universities; but the next great leader, Wiclif, though a follower of Occam in matters of ecclesiastical polity and religious belief, was the most formidable opponent of the Franciscans, and instituted his "simple priests" to be an example to the world of evangelism without mendicity. The systematic opposition to the corruptions of the Church which had begun to manifest itself in Occam, and was carried out by Wiclif, was essentially a university movement. The Universities thus became the strongholds of Wiclifism, and the Bohemian students carried the new doctrines to Prague. But the movement was suppressed in England, and Paris once more took the lead in Europe. Her champion Gerson is the great name in that "Age of Councils," though he failed in his efforts to reform the church, and the enmity of the Papacy led to the creation of new centres of learning. In the thirteenth century only three universities had arisen on the model of that of Paris; the first half of

the fourteenth century witnessed the rise of the same number; the second half seven; but the fifteenth century saw the creation of eighteen. The English "nation" at Paris was known after 1430 as the "German nation," but ten years afterwards no German student remained. During the fifteenth century the English Universities were in a comparatively dead state. Mr. Mullinger here gives a full account of the foundation of King's College and Queens' College, and ends his third chapter with a sketch of the various libraries in the University. Peterhouse then possessed from six to seven hundred distinct treatises. The fourth chapter contains a most interesting account of "Student Life in the Middle Ages," but an abstract of it would take up so much space that we must refer our readers to the book itself. Our difficulty throughout has been to give any adequate account of a book in which so much interesting information is condensed, and we must for the present give up any hope of describing the chapters on "Cambridge at the Revival of Classical Learning," and "Cambridge at the Reformation," though a better account nowhere exists of one of the most eventful periods of our history. The book ends with the Royal Injunctions of 1535, which mark the downfall of scholasticism and the triumph of the new learning. "In each college and hall there shall be two daily public lectures, one of Greek, the other of Latin." "No lectures shall be read upon any of the doctors who have written upon the Master of the Sentences; but all divinity lectures shall be upon the Scriptures." The men, too, of that generation "saw in the foundation of Trinity College the rise of a new conception of college discipline under Protestant auspices, and with the statutes of Elizabeth they saw the constitution of the University assume that form which, with but few modifications, has lasted to our own day." But with these changes we find ourselves in the presence of new characters and new ideas; and the final triumph of the Humanists seems to mark the point at which this volume may most fitly close. "This volume," yes; but we trust that Mr. Mullinger will yet continue his history, and bring it down to our own day. The materials ought to be as ample, and the interest at least as great, for the state of the Universities is in some respects an index of the state of English society.

In the appendix, as if half regretting his mystic ancestors, Mr. Mullinger quotes Lydgate's account of how "Cassibero at Athens schooled in his youth, and brought Anaximander and Anaxagoras to Cambridge," and how Julius Caesar—

"On Cassibelan, after his victory,
Took with him clerks of famous renown
From Cambridge, and led them to Rome town."

C. W. BOASE.

A VERY searching and able review of M. Brachet's *Nouvelle Grammaire Française*, by M. Arsène Darmesteter, appears in the current number of the *Revue Critique*. It is evident that the present edition of the book is not good enough to be translated into English; we must wait for the second edition "en bonne partie refundue," which M. Darmesteter urges M. Brachet to set to work on at once.

Ismailia; A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade organised by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir Samuel White Baker, Pacha, F.R.S. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.)

THE news that was published in the *Times* of the 19th instant to the effect that an official notification had been issued at Cairo on December 6, sanctioning the despatch of two expeditions for the exploration of the countries adjacent to the Upper Nile, serves to increase the interest with which the two handsome volumes now before us will be regarded by the public. It certainly seems to us, after a careful perusal of the story therein so modestly told by Sir Samuel Baker, that whatever other results may be claimed as the outcome of his expedition, it can hardly be asserted that, whether as regards the civilisation of Central Africa, the stoppage of the slave trade, or the introduction of a system of regular legitimate commerce, its effects were likely to be otherwise than of an exceedingly evanescent and temporary character. Had they not been persistently and immediately followed up, the incursions of the Christian Pacha and his soldiers, and the severe lessons he taught to the slave traders and native tribes opposed to his authority, would probably in the course of a few years have only been remembered as a bad dream; while the slave trade would have gathered increased vigour from its temporary cessation. The Khedive, however, has not been long in giving the world renewed proofs of his *bona fides* with regard to the extinction of the slave trade on the Upper Nile. Sir Samuel Baker had no sooner returned from his expedition than Colonel Gordon was appointed to succeed him; and now we learn that two more expeditions have already left Cairo for the further exploration of the regions adjacent to the Upper Nile and the African equatorial lakes, while the construction of the Soudan Railway to Khartoum has also been determined on. It is evident, therefore, that the Khedive is really in earnest in his design of annexing and civilising the enormous extent of territory which forms the field of exploration for the various expeditions now employed. In view of the immense interests that will be developed should this enterprise prove successful, it is satisfactory to have so excellent a text-book as the one now before us to which to refer for information as to the procedure of the first organised expedition on a large scale that penetrated into these regions, and from which to deduce the probabilities of the eventual success of the second.

It was in the spring of 1869, during the visit of the Prince of Wales to Egypt, that Sir Samuel Baker was entrusted by the Khedive with a commission to subdue to the Egyptian authority all countries south of Gondokoro; to suppress the slave trade; to introduce a system of regular commerce into Central Africa; to open up to navigation the great lakes of the Equator; and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots distant at intervals of three days' march. His commission was to

last for four years, and gave him supreme authority over all the countries belonging to the Nile Basin, south of Gondokoro, which, situated on the Upper Nile, at a distance of 3,000 miles from Cairo, was to be the base of operations. Nothing whatever is said as to the right of the Khedive to confer such authority with reference to tribes and peoples who did not then recognise his rule, and apparently never had done so. It was probably taken for granted that the proposed annexation would be regarded by all concerned as an unqualified boon.

The task confided to Sir Samuel Baker was of sufficiently gigantic proportions to satisfy the ambition of any one man, and from the commencement he did his best to justify the confidence reposed in him. But he soon found that the firman of the Khedive, backed up as it was by what seems to have been an unlimited credit, did not ensure plain sailing when once he was beyond the range of communication with Cairo. An apparently limitless purse enabled him, with the advantage of his former experience, to provide every conceivable article that might possibly be required by the expedition during a four years' absence from civilisation (provision and prevision of which Colonel Gordon's expedition has since reaped the benefits); but after he had called his vast mass of *impedimenta* into existence, and conveyed it safely as far as Khartoum, he was at once met by the question of its transport. This was found to be incapable of solution; and we may at once say that, in our opinion, it eventually proved fatal so far as the great ends of the expedition were concerned. Not that the Egyptian authorities at Khartoum had not the power, if they had had the will, to have all the baggage conveyed as far as Gondokoro, together with the animals necessary for its further transport inland. But, away from Cairo, every one was hostile to the ends of the expedition; the very officers and men composing it had no wish to put down the slave trade, and evinced their sympathies in a very practical manner by themselves purchasing 126 slaves between Khartoum and Gondokoro. The difficulties that Sir Samuel Baker had to contend with were simply tremendous, and everyone who reads this narrative cannot fail to be impressed with admiration and astonishment at the determination and energy that never would acknowledge a defeat.

It was not until the beginning of February, 1870, that he started from Khartoum with 800 troops, but he did not reach Gondokoro until April 15, 1871, by which time two years of his commission had expired. Between Khartoum and Gondokoro there is a distance of 1,400 miles, the principal part of which consisted at that time of a dismal swamp of drift weed and morass, beneath which the river had completely lost itself. Through this the vessels had to be dragged by sheer brute force; no dry land, no clear water was visible anywhere; it seemed as if the region of chaos had been reached where earth and water were mixed up in inextricable confusion; at this dismal and hopeless work, men and officers laboured in a state of absolute despair, not caring to live, and not fearing to die; and after weeks of toil, when open water was at last reached, found that

the actual river had decreased so much that further progress was hopeless, and, indeed, that no start should have been attempted at all at that season of the year. There was nothing for it but to return to the point at which they had first entered the morass—men and officers being in high spirits at the thought that the expedition would now be abandoned. Little did they know their chief. Sir Samuel Baker pitched upon a convenient spot on the west bank of the Nile, which he named Tewfikyah, and there organised an admirable settlement. He released many cargoes of slaves passing up the river, married the females to his black troops (the refinement of the newly liberated negroes rejecting the "brown colour of the Egyptians"), and had the satisfaction of learning that many of them shortly afterwards bolted with their own Government clothes and their husbands' kit as well. He also revisited Khartoum, and became acquainted with the system by which the monopoly of trade in the countries which he was to annex was leased to Arabs, who made it a cloak for the slave trade; and for the first time met Abon Saood, the representative of Sheikh Agád, the principal of these traders. This Abon Saood is the man who appears throughout the rest of the book as Sir Samuel Baker's evil genius. He can find no language too strong in which to expose his persistent villany, and he indicted him personally at Cairo for every species of diabolical treachery, but was not permitted to appear as a witness. This man is now assistant to Colonel Gordon. Sir Samuel Baker naturally feels aggrieved at this, and occasionally expresses his regret that he did not proceed to extreme measures while he had him in his power. We would, however, wish to hear the other side before condemning every one concerned in his recent appointment. It seems to us from the narrative before us, that Abon Saood might well have something to say on his side of the question; and in any case we should remember the old saw that tells us of the advisability of setting a thief to catch a thief. If Abon Saood is purged of his former villainies, his knowledge of everything connected with the slave trade of the Nile must be absolutely invaluable to Colonel Gordon, and he is, in our opinion, quite judicious in employing as a means to success any individual, even if of ever so exceptionally black a character.

The second start for Gondokoro was made in December, at which season the river was very high, and after superhuman difficulties the expedition, which had been considerably reinforced, managed to get through the morass, and eventually reached their base of operations in April, 1871. They had not brought a single transport animal with them, and though from this time the forces of nature ceased to be hostile to them, they had now for a long time to contend with the enmity of man. It was soon apparent that the chiefs and natives in the vicinity of Gondokoro would not be made to understand the advantages of annexation. They refused to enter into any amicable relations with the new comers: declined to sell them either their grain or their cattle; and seemed utterly unimpressed for good by a grand,

and we must think a somewhat premature military ceremony, held for the purpose of officially proclaiming the annexation of the country to Egypt, and saluting the Ottoman flag. Little by little unfriendly feelings grew into open hostility, and "war" was proclaimed against the Bari. It could have but a speedy ending—of course the smaller and better armed and disciplined body of troops were for the time completely successful; and the end of the year 1871 found the expedition firmly established at Gondokoro. The narrative of the stern measures by which the Bari were repressed, and of the active share which the leader of the expedition himself took in teaching them the accuracy of the Snider rifle, is, however, the least pleasant reading in the book; we do not wonder that the wretched natives had some difficulty in distinguishing between the tender mercies of the Christian Pacha and the more intelligible cruelties of the Arab slave trader. The opening of the year 1872 was marked by an incoherent mutiny among all the troops, encouraged by their officers, who said there was no corn, and that the men would starve. Sir Samuel replied by confiscating immense numbers of the Bari storehouses and flooding the camp with grain; at the same time he ordered all sick men to be sent back to Khartoum, and found that during his brief absence the Colonel Raouf Bey had carried out his directions with such hearty good will, that out of a force of 1,200 men 700 had been sent away. To this and to all other instances of bad behaviour on the part of the general body of the troops, Sir Samuel Baker's picked bodyguard, which he named the Forty Thieves, must be noted as forming a marked exception; they were always found to be loyal, courageous, and quite devoted to their leader.

Leaving 300 of his reduced force to garrison Gondokoro, Sir Samuel now started with 200 men to explore and annex the southern districts, taking with him, in boats, the sections of the steamer which he hoped ere long to see floating upon the waters of the Albert Nyanza. Up to the foot of cataracts in N. lat. 4° 38', to which point the Nile is navigable, all went well; there remained but the question of transport for the contents of the vessels overland to the navigable portion of the Nile in N. lat. 3° 32', from whence there was a clear water-way to the lake. There were no camels; the only hope was that the Bari tribe would provide carriers; this they absolutely refused to do, and the difficulty became at once insurmountable. The sections of the steamer with the English engineers were sent back to Gondokoro, and Sir Samuel determined to push on with his wife, remaining English companions, and 212 troops. From this point the record of the journey, with its chequered accompaniments of constant bloodshed and fighting, reads more like the narrative of the adventures of a Vasco di Gama or a Pizarro, than the progress of an Envoy sent solely with the great objects of pacification, civilisation, and annexation. We think, indeed, that it must always remain a matter of opinion whether, under the circumstances, a further advance at this time was not altogether a mistake. It was one thing to have entered the country as a

great and independent Pacha, envoy of a still greater Prince, with a force sufficiently strong to render all hope of resistance impossible, and with a pomp and dignity certain of producing a lasting effect on barbaric minds; another to have to march through it in mortal peril from day to day, dependent on the very natives who were to receive the aegis of the Khedive's protection for the means of transport and support, and with a force sufficiently small to invite constant attack, though always able to ward off such attacks successfully. Sir Samuel Baker, however, did not hesitate for a moment, and in this narrative our readers can learn for themselves how nobly and steadfastly each man of the expedition did his duty, from the time that they first set their faces to the south, to the day when, a greatly diminished number, they re-entered their camp at Fatiko.

It would take too long for us to trace, however briefly, the journey of the expedition to the South. Sir Samuel arrived at Fatiko without difficulty, and after having established the "government" there, started again for Unyoro in March, 1872. He arrived at Masindi, the most southern point reached by the expedition, in N. lat. 1° 45' at 133 miles from Gondokoro, and was at first hospitably received by the king, Kabba Rega. Suspicious feelings, however, were soon engendered, and eventually broke out into open hostility, and on June 14, 1872, the expedition had to set fire to their camp, fort, and magazines, and retreat in imminent peril to Rionga, a neighbouring chieftain at war with Kabba Rega. The story of their march for eighty miles through grass eight or nine feet high, among which their active enemy lay in constant ambuscades, is unparalleled. But they managed to reach Rionga with the extraordinarily small loss of eight killed and ten wounded. When once they had arrived there, they were in safety, and there we must reluctantly leave them. Sir Samuel himself returned to Fatiko, managed to clear out the slave traders completely from that neighbourhood, established the government there, and eventually returned by Gondokoro to Cairo in the spring of 1873.

His return voyage down the Nile must have given him sad proof how little all his efforts had done to stay the slave traffic: for he passed several dhows with slaves on board, and there was no attempt made at their concealment. One piece of good news he learnt at Khartoum of great importance. Owing to his representations, the Khedive had sent down orders to remove the sudd or obstruction to the navigation of the White Nile, and this was being vigorously proceeded with.

We have endeavoured in the above columns to give the merest outline of this extraordinary narrative. Our readers must, however, study it for themselves; and though in our opinion these two bulky volumes might well have been abridged by half (very many petty and superfluous details being omitted), still they have very much in them that will well repay perusal. The illustrations are full of life and vigour, though they too would have been more valuable had they been sketched from personal observation, instead of, as is often quite evident, from mere *post facto* description; and the sporting anecdotes alone, on which we have for-

borne to touch, will have a peculiar charm of their own for many readers.

The appeal which in these volumes Sir Samuel Baker makes to the civilised world as to his conduct of the expedition cannot be answered now. For any correct knowledge of its permanent results we must wait for reports from that officer who has been despatched so speedily to follow in his footsteps. We shall soon know from him how deep are the traces left behind by his predecessor and his companions: whether their advent was really the beginning of a new life for Central Africa; or whether their passage was as that of a boat over the sea. But on one point Sir Samuel Baker may fearlessly challenge the opinion of the world, and may ask with confidence whether the history of English travel affords a more striking instance of what English courage, energy, and dogged determination can achieve, than that which is with such modesty set forth in these delightful pages.

Of Lady Baker we have forborne to speak: not because her influence does not appear in every relation of the scenes described, but because we really do not know how to do her justice. Her name is synonymous, wherever the English language is understood, with a courage and a devotion surpassing that of women; and her self-denying heroism will be a household word wherever the English race and language may spread long after she herself shall have passed away. Most heartily do we echo the sentiment of her Egyptian escort: "May God grant her long life."

EVAN SMITH.

Premiers Lundis. Tome I. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. (Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1874.)

Premiers Lundis are a collection of the earliest critical work of M. Sainte-Beuve, of the reviews which he contributed to the *Globe* and to other papers. It seems from the statement of the editor, M. Jules Troubat, that M. Sainte-Beuve at first disliked the idea of reprinting these papers, but that on second thoughts he was desirous that they should be collected. His second thoughts were best, for though these essays want the biographical interest of the later *Lundis*—and though several of them are slight reviews of ephemeral books—they show how firm, how acute, and temperate was M. Sainte-Beuve's taste from the very first, and they recall, too, some quaint fragments of literary gossip. It would be well if, now that M. Victor Hugo's poetry has ceased to have the attraction of novelty, his admirers could write of him as dispassionately as M. Sainte-Beuve did in 1827. He was not carried away by the enthusiasm of the Romantic school, any more than he was influenced by the frigid and formal taste of his master, M. Dannon. He observes about Victor Hugo, "Les fautes habituelles sont les fautes de goût, de la trivialité pour du naturel, du précieux pour de la force." And nothing can be more true, no criticism more permanent than this on the same poet:—

"Sensible et ardent comme il est, la vue d'une belle conception le met hors de lui; il s'élance pour la saisir, et s'il ne l'a pas enlevée du premier coup à son gré, il revient sur ses traces, s'agite en

tous sens, et se fatigue longuement autour de la même pensée, comme autour d'une proie qui lui échappe."

Sainte-Beuve is much more sensible to the perilous force than to the sweetness of Hugo:—

"Il vise à la grace et à la simplicité, et il va jusqu'à la mignardise et à la simplesse; il ne cherche que l'héroïque, et il rencontre le gigantesque; s'il tente jamais le gigantesque, il n'évitera pas le puéril."

These are consoling sentences for readers who neither feel a call to be fanatics for Hugo, nor to sneer at him as a *fou furieux*. It must have required all the balance of Sainte-Beuve's mind to venture, in speaking of Hugo in 1827, to praise "the adorable choruses, the quiet, the serenity" of Racine's *Athalie*. When men of letters were divided into *les flamboyants* and *les grisâtres*, Bohemians and periwigs, the critic did not cast in his vote with either.

There is an article on Hoffmann's tales in this volume which expresses with perfect clearness and terseness, as well as with admirable illustration, the limits and nature of the fantastic in art. It is curious to look at a contemporary review of the same writer by Sir Walter Scott, and to admire in how accomplished and certain a style the young critic says what the old poet labours vainly to express. The contrast is very strange and touching. Scott was noting in his diary that his brilliant and sparkling fancies were leaving him, that "the wine is somewhat on the lees, perhaps it was but indifferent cider after all." In his review of Hoffmann it is too plain that his hand is out, that his genius has deserted him, that the right word will not come to him, that he cannot seize and shape his thought.

Well that essay was written in a time of great sorrow, and pain, and poverty, to help a poor brother author. And this, with many such acts, is the answer to M. Sainte-Beuve's attack on Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, as a mercenary work. Scott did compile it for money certainly; it was part of that struggle to pay his creditors, which killed him. But there was nothing sordid in his motives. If he spoke hardly of Napoleon, then Lanfrey more; if he made slips and errors, then M. Thiers not less; if he smiled at Napoleon's eloquence, his taste was at one with the taste of his countrymen; and as for "the strange and grave imputation on General Gourgaud," Scott established it by documents, and was only too anxious to give the General the usual satisfaction. "If a quarrel be fixed on me, Jackie, I will not baulk him," Scott wrote to William Clerk. M. Sainte-Beuve's review of the *Life of Napoleon* is excusably bitter, and he carefully distinguishes between the poet he admires and the historian he disparages. But Goethe praised what Sainte-Beuve despised. Perhaps the most characteristic article in the collection is that in which Sainte-Beuve dwells on the fatal force of the revolutionary fever: "Les forces humaines, égarées de leur sphère, se manifestent sous des formes inaccoutumées, et semblent emprunter aux forces physiques quelques-uns de leurs caractères: comme elles, sourdes, aveugles, inflexibles, accomplissant jusqu'au bout leur loi sans la comprendre." This was

written in answer to a charge of fatalism against M. Thiers, who then as now seems to have been very ready in his acceptance of accomplished facts.

On the whole, the impression left by the book is that Sainte-Beuve's was a calm impartiality, "contemplating all." It would not easily be guessed that he ever lent himself, half as spectator, half as partaker, to any of the ideas and movements of his time. His article on his own poem "Joseph de Lorme," is one of his many little elegies over the poet dead within him. But it might have been written by an onlooker. If Sainte-Beuve, the born sceptic, had any of the bitterness of scepticism, he disguised it wonderfully, at least in his prose.

A. LANG.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

A Rare and Choice Collection of Kings and Queens and Other Things. (Chatto & Windus.) It is hard to understand why this book is so gorgeously bound and "imprinted in gold and many colours," unless it is written by royalty or for royalty. As we look through its richly decorated and would-be funny pages, we are reminded of the King in *Alice in Wonderland* who, when his subjects did not appreciate his jokes quickly enough, said that "it was a pun;" and then they all laughed.

Here is a specimen of this "rare collection." "The great Grand Duchess. Born Paradoxically. Died Perpendicularly. It seems under these circumstances almost a pity we have not got her portrait. It is said she was freckled, but her uncle was an ornithologist." Here we are meant to laugh—but we sigh and pass on.

Boys. By Lady Barker. (Routledge & Sons.) No one understands writing for boys better than Lady Barker. To prove this we have only to catch any schoolboy of our acquaintance in a lazy mood, and read him a chapter out of this book. A subdued chuckle will be the running accompaniment of the story, and will every now and then break out into a hearty laugh, showing how completely the boy feels that the writer is in sympathy with him, and how surprised he is that a woman can know so much about him. The book consists of short stories about different types of boys. The Emigrant Boy, the Soldier Boy, and the Invalid Boy, are three of the best chapters, but all the twelve are worth reading.

Here is a quotation which shows the spirit in which the book is written:—

"If I could make a model boy, I'll tell you what he should be like. He should love cold water, and hate a lie. He should be frank and unsuspicious as becomes a noble trusting nature, and yet he should be neither silly nor soft; he should have plenty of manias, for I do not believe in a boy who does not go heart and soul into whatever he fancies for the time being. These manias might be for anything out of doors that he liked, from bird-nesting and butterfly hunting up to carpentering and canoeing. He shouldn't be a dunce, though—not a bit of it. We have got rid of a good many stupid old ideas, among them that it is impossible for a man to be a sap and not a muff. Some of the most promising cricketers, the straightest cross-country riders, and stoutest oarsmen I know, have come out uncommonly well at these stiff examinations. Well, my boy should have an appetite like a wolf, for I should like him to be tall and strong, but he must not be a bit greedy. He should not be ashamed of loving and reverencing all that is good and holy and pure, but with nothing of the molly-coddle about him. He should have a fine sweet temper. Yet he should be, as the American song, says, 'an orkerd man in a row,' and he should know how to take care of himself with his fists. I think I would rather he did not play practical jokes."

From Nouchere to the North Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By Tom Hood. Il-

lustrated by W. Brunton and E. O. Barnes. (Chatto & Windus.) This is a book of really clever fun. A little boy called Frank goes to sleep in the act of arranging the animals belonging to a Noah's ark. His dreams are haunted by these animals, and he has many wonderful adventures with them, until he is at last rescued from a monster at the North Pole by Noah, who came in his ark and carried him off. The story of the "Latest Invention for Writing Poetry by Machinery" is one of the most amusing parts of the book; and the success of Mr. T. Marzials' poems is too well assured for him to mind the allusions in "A Song."

"The inventor led Frank to a large shallow drawer, divided into small compartments. 'In each of these little boxes you will find a number of words rhyming together. You choose what you please, and place them along the edge of the table of this machine,' and he pointed to a machine something like a printing-press. 'Above you will see several large reservoirs. Each is filled with words printed on small pieces of wood, just like these rhymes. Each contains words suited for the different styles of measures you have to choose from; when you have fixed on the style, you connect the feeder of its reservoir with the machine by pulling out this damper. The machine is then set going, and the result is a poem.' Frank, after several failures, produces the following:—

A Song.

"Merrily roundelay happiness blue
Sicily popular meet tumtiddy,
Popinjay calendar fiddle-strings grew
Capering mulberry feet tumtiddy."

"'Now,' said the inventor, 'observe the ingenious system of double-feeding. You see the word "tumptiddy" which is more nonsense, and therefore easily distinguishable from the rest of the words. That is supplied by the second feeder, which is turned on by a small pin in the wheel, which at the same time applies a break to the other feeder. When all is done you have only to remove the "tumptiddies," thus—and there is the poem.'"

The pictures are a series of cleverly-conceived nightmares.

Little Wide-Awake. By Mrs. Sale Barker. With 400 pictures. (Routledge.) This is a pretty book, full of pictures and stories for very little children.

With a Stout Heart is a boy's book by the same author. It is too sensational and crowded with violent incident to be a useful present for boys, but the Indian life and shooting adventures described in it will ensure it a certain measure of popularity.

Sunday Evenings at Home. By the Rev. H. C. Adams. (Routledge.) This is a well-meaning book, consisting of stories from history for every Sunday in the year. This volume extends from Advent to Ascension. Some of the stories are dull, and some are inappropriate, as, for instance, the story of Mr. Wedderburn walking through a tunnel when two trains were passing, which is supposed to illustrate the words, "Walk as children of light." On the other hand, the trial and death of Socrates are well told in illustration of the Jews' imprecation, "He is a Samaritan, and hath a devil." Also the story of Columbus on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, when mutiny was threatened just before America was discovered, is given in connexion with the words "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" but the best story is that of St. Vincent de Paul taking the place of the galley slave at Marseilles, and bearing his punishment instead of him.

What Katy did at Home and at School. By Susan Coolidge. (Warne & Co.) This is an American story for girls. What Katy did at home was chiefly to tumble out of a swing and become an invalid for some years, learning many useful lessons during her long illness. What she did at school mainly consisted in a very fruitless endeavour to suppress that spirit of flirtation which seems such an inherent part of the American schoolgirl's career. The story is a very lively

one, full of fun and childlike life. The first half of the book is better than the second. The little boy's journal is specially charming:—

"March 12.—Have resolved to keep a journal.

"March 19.—Forgit what did. John and me saved our pie to take to schule.

"March 21.—Forgit what did. Gridel cakes for breakfast. Debby didn't fry enuff.

"March 24.—This is Sunday. Corn befo for dinner. Studied my Bibel lesson. Aunt Issy said I was greedy. Have resolved not to think so much about things to ete. Wish I was a better boy. Nothing pertikler for tea.

"March 25.—Forgit what did.

"March 27.—Forgit what did.

"March 29.—Played.

"March 31.—Forgit what did.

"April 1.—Have dissided not to keep a journal enny more."

Andrew Marvell and his Friends: A Story of the Siege of Hull. By Marie Hall. (James Clarke & Co.) We do not know whether there is any historical foundation for the romance which is connected with Andrew Marvell's life in this book; but we think the name ought to have been "Andrew Marvell and his Enemies," for never was any man worse used. His story is the same as that in the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." He is engaged to Alice, daughter of Colonel Lister, of Hull, and goes abroad. The news of his death at sea is brought to his betrothed, and her father in dying implores her to marry Sir Ralph Hildyard, a gallant and apparently honourable man. Alice is perfectly reckless in her great sorrow, and promises to fulfil her father's wish in six months. Before the end of that time Ralph learns that Andrew Marvell is alive, but leaves Alice in ignorance of the fact, and persists in marrying her. Andrew and Alice never see each other again until after the Restoration, when they meet at Whitehall at the King's birthday party. The writer has hardly dwelt enough upon the brilliant wit or the lofty morality and integrity of Marvell's character; he is represented too much as the man of letters, and the poet

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

It also seems unnatural that Alice should ever have forgiven her husband when she found out how grossly he had deceived her; but the story, as a whole, is interesting and picturesque. We must notice, in passing, that Andrew Marvell is not likely to have attributed to Marlowe the lines—

"If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?"—

which, if he knew them at all, he would have known were written by his contemporary, George Wither.

What might have been Expected. By Frank Stockton. (Routledge.) This is a most original American story. Two children undertake to keep an old negro woman out of the alms-house by their own exertions. If the book had been written in England, "what might have been expected" would have been that they would get tired of their good work and fail in it. But with American children the case is different. They collected sumac leaves, shot game, and finally started a telegraph company and fulfilled their mission. The story is full of interest and of fun, and the humorous side of negro character is admirably shown. As soon as Aunt Matilda learns the benevolent intentions of Harry and Kate, she exhibits the most amusing combination of gratitude, suspicion, and cunning; and they have hard work to keep themselves from supporting a whole colony of her friends in addition to herself. The scene in which little Kate tries to make up her mind to shoot a hare for Aunt Matilda's benefit, and fails from pity, is delightful; and ends naively with the reproof of the old negro Uncle Braddock: "All right, Miss Kate, that may be a werry pious way to go a huntin, but it won't bring you in much meat."

F. M. OWEN.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A VERY interesting document was presented by Dr. Diamond to the Royal Society at their last meeting, viz., the Original Memorial from the President and Council of the Royal Society to George III., praying that observers might be sent out to observe the Transit of Venus in 1769. Among the signatures are those of Lord Morton, Nevil Maskelyne, Gowin Knight, and B. Franklin.

THE Early English Text and Ballad Societies' books now in the press for 1874 cannot be finished this year, but they will be issued in January, 1875. A large Part II. of Dr. Morris's edition of the *Cursor Mundi* is now ready as the first volume of the Early English Text Society for the new year.

THE publications of the English Dialect Society for 1873 and 1874 are at last all but completed. Of the six publications for the two years, No. 1 was sent round to members last March. Nos. 3 and 4 have been sent round during the past week; and Nos. 2, 5 and 6 will be sent in January, 1875, accompanied by the Annual Report for 1874.

In addition to the above (by an arrangement made with the publisher, and with the author's permission), a copy of the Rev. W. D. Parish's *Glossary of the Sussex Dialect* will be sent to every member of the English Dialect Society who has paid his subscription for 1874.

THE year 1875 will be left clear for the immediate commencement of the publications for that year. Indeed, some contributions by Mr. Atkinson, the author of the *Cleveland Glossary*, are already in type. Mr. F. K. Robinson, of Whitby, has nearly completed his extensive glossary of words in use at Whitby, which will shortly be sent to press. For the rest, the success of the Society is now assured, as more material has been already promised than can be printed in the next three years.

THE College for Men and Women in Queen Square, Bloomsbury (expanded from the Working Women's College), has proved a great success. It has over 450 students, of whom above sixty are men. The classes have been well attended, the lectures too, the reading and coffee rooms well filled; and the kindly feeling prevalent among the students and between them and their teachers is evident even to the casual visitor. Mrs. Malleon and her friends are to be congratulated on the success of their liberal enterprise. We hope soon to hear of the College taking premises double or treble the size of their present ones.

MR. FURNIVALL is to give a course of six lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Period to the Bedford Ladies' Association in February and March of the new year.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS has presented his Variorum editions of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Macbeth* to the Sunday Shakspeare Society; and Mr. Furness has also given the Society her *Concordance to the Minor Poems of Shakspeare*.

THE *Revista Europea* for this month has an article on Signor Girolamo Picchioni, an Italian philologist of some note, who died last year in Milan, where he filled the chair of Professor of Greek Literature. Exiled for political causes for twenty-nine years, he had passed the years between 1840 and 1848 as Italian master at Eton, under Dr. Hawtrey. Some quotations from his account of Eton are interesting, as showing an Italian's view of our public school education. Signor Picchioni is a great admirer of Eton. The excellence of the masters struck him very much, and he thinks it due to their high social position, and to their security from all anxiety, and freedom from the interference of ministers and the change of educational regulations. Signor Picchioni's enthusiasm, however, is rather high pitched, or a change for the worse has lately come over our schoolmasters; for he says that it was the custom of the masters to meet once a month under the head master, and after

discussing school matters each master produced some original work, either in print or in manuscript, as a sign that he was not growing rusty, but occupied himself continually with new studies. We should like to hear of the revival of this custom. Signor Picchioni was much struck with English scholarship, and defends classical education in Italy from utilitarian objections by referring to the example of England. To the study of the Greek and Latin authors he attributes not only the excellence of English orators and writers, but their political moderation. To show the superiority of classical knowledge in England, he tells an anecdote of Ugo Foscolo in 1822, who, having been esteemed a good Greek scholar in Italy, found on coming to England that he must begin afresh with the Greek grammar.

WE take from the *Revista Europea* the following notices of Italian literature:—Signor G. O. Sansoni has published a lecture delivered before the Philological Society of Florence, called "I Precursori di Dante" (Florence, 1874); in which he treats of the contemplative, political and poetic visions of writers before Dante's time, which may have influenced the *Divina Commedia*. The first volume has appeared of a complete translation of Shakspeare's works, with notes by Signor G. Carcano (Milano: Ulrico Hoepli), who has already published separate translations of several of Shakspeare's plays, which have been received with great praise. The present work is to consist of ten volumes, with illustrations. There is no good complete Italian translation of Shakspeare, and this bids fair to supply a want in Italian literature.

SIGNOR ATILIO HORTIS has published a descriptive catalogue of the works of Petrarch existing in the library called the *Petrarchesca Rossettiana* at Trieste (Trieste). The library contains 416 printed volumes, 30 manuscripts, and a collection of engravings.

SIGNOR BARTOLI has begun a new critical history of Italian literature, the first volume of which, *I Primi due Secoli della Letteratura Italiana* (Milano, Valiardi), has just appeared. The leading characteristic of the book is that the author is not content with stopping at great names, but examines the anonymous popular literature.

THE *Nuova Antologia* notices the appearance at Naples of a new magazine called the *Casanova*, which is to be devoted to questions connected with education.

THE Academy of Inscriptions has elected M. Georges Perrot an honorary member in place of M. Guizot.

THE annual meeting of antiquaries, etc., to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Winckelmann, took place at Berlin a week or two since. The French papers remark that one of the speakers, in mentioning the works of Raoul Rochette, took occasion to express himself very warmly on the subject of French science—almost the first act of justice, they say, done to the French nation by German subjects since the war.

M. MÉZÉRIÈS delivered his *discours de réception* before the French Academy on the 17th instant, on succeeding to the chair of M. Saint-Marc Girardin.

AT the two December meetings of the Society for Tartar and Japanese studies, the following papers were read:—by M. Imamura Warau, on the origin of the race now inhabiting Japan; by M. Ogura, on the etymology of the Japanese words borrowed from the Chinese; by M. Marre, on some interesting fragments translated by him from the native chronicles of Malacca. M. Ph. Burty presented with a number of remarkable Japanese paintings some new observations on the plastic arts in Japan; M. Léon Cahen sketched the civilisation of Central Asia in the sixteenth century, and commented on some passages from old Turkish historians relating to the origin of the Turks and Mongols. M. E. Burnouf gave a

summary of the progress of Asiatic studies from Abel de Rémusat to the present time.

THE following Parliamentary Papers have lately been published:—Reports on the Vienna Universal Exhibition of 1873, Part I. (price 5s. 9d.); Fifth Report of the Rivers Pollution Commission on the Pollution arising from Mining Operations and Metal Manufacturers, Vol. I. (price 2s. 8d.); Return (B) on Poor Rates and Pauperism (price 7d.); Copy of Correspondence between Mr. Plimsoll and others with the Board of Trade on the Draught of Water Records (price 10d.); Returns relating to Public Analysts (Ireland), &c.

WE reviewed a few weeks ago *Adonis*, a very short and very beautiful poem by Paludan-Müller. The other great Danish poet, Christian Winther, has just broken his long silence by producing a work, also very short and very pretty. *I Naad-sensaaet* (In the Year of Grace), is in prose, not verse; but as Winther is almost as distinguished a prose-writer as he is a lyricist, this is less a matter of regret. This new book is a tiny love-story, of life in Denmark sixty years ago. There is nothing very unusual in the treatment; those accustomed to Winther's manner will expect to find it sparkling with humour, slightly bizarre in plot, full of exquisite studies from nature, and microscopically true in its descriptions of the phenomena of emotion. To speak adequately of a little perfect work like this in a short notice is impossible; it is like trying to describe the texture and perfume of a flower, or attempting to analyse the pleasure one receives from the sudden flight of a bird through the leaves of a silent wood. Winther is the Wordsworth of Scandinavia; he says, in his last book of his: "I know still where the first wild strawberries are to be found in the spring woods, and the best nuts in September; and I listen to the song of all the birds, and their voices are the familiar voices of old friends." It is much to be able to say that when one has long passed threescore years and ten.

THE German periodical press is commenting upon the marked and extraordinary dearth of readable poetry in the book-marts of Germany at the present time; and it points out how utterly the reading of poetry has passed out of the sphere of men, and is now nearly limited to that of women. The strain and competition of social and political life may perhaps be somewhat answerable for this state of things; but certain it is, that nearly all the extracts and selections from the best works of the poets of Germany are generally floated into publicity under the persuasive titles of "Presents for Ladies," "Mothers' Albums," and "Daughters' Poetical Extracts," showing the character of the readers to whom they address themselves.

THE following little account of an eye-witness of the execution of Lord William Russell seems worth printing. It is to be found in a letter addressed by Sir Charles Lyttleton to Lord Viscount Hatton, governor of Guernsey—a portion of the Hatton collection lately added to the British Museum:—

"London, July 21, '83.

"My Lord,

"I have only time to tell you that my L^d Russell was beheaded this morning, he said not much but that he did not design to murder y^e K^e, nor y^e Gov^t, but to keepe out poperie. he said the evidence ag^t him was true as to y^e place and company, he was in, but he took that to be but misprision, for w^{ch} he did not ask God or y^e K^e pardon. I saw him die at a distance and he seemed very stout. The Hangman gave him 3 blows besides sawing wth y^e ax before he cut his head off. he came to y^e scaffold in his own coach w^{ch} was not in mourning nor his livery; himself was in black. Doctor Tillotson, M^r Burnet, and y^e sherrife was wth him."

A FEW noteworthy letters, interesting rather as autographs than for any instructive matter to be learned from them, are to be found among recent

acquisitions at the British Museum. Dr. John Donne, the satirical Dean of St. Paul's, writes: "Sept. 17 At my house at Drury house," to Sir Nicolas Carew, Kt., at Beddington, and to the same person is addressed a letter signed "Willm. Camden, Clarenceux," from "Chesil-hurst, this Sunday morning 20 September," mentioning his journey to Canterbury for the funeral of Sir John Blois. The antiquary Browne Willis dates a note "Plough Inne Cary street near Lincolne Inne March 17 1748;" and there is an appeal from Guildford, dated July 11, 1727, signed "Ar. Onslow" to Lady Isham, for support as a candidate for the county of Surrey at the approaching election, the writer of which was shortly afterwards to enter on his long and distinguished career as Speaker of the House of Commons.

AMONG the vast mass of papers and correspondence collected by Carte, and now deposited in the Bodleian Library, are numerous letters addressed to the Duke of Ormonde during the reign of Charles II., by friends whose care it seems to have been to keep him informed of occurrences at the Court, or of the state of parties in Parliament. These letters convey a lively image of the manners and events of the time. Colonel Daniel O'Neill, Colonel Edward Vernon, Colonel Legg, Colonel Cooke, and others detail some of the scandals of the day. Sir Robert Southwell, Sir William Temple, Sir George Lane, and others, apprise him of the political occurrences at Whitehall, or describe practices, designs and intrigues of the parties at Court or in Parliament, from Oxford or Westminster. In a letter of Sir George Lane, dated December 20, 1674, there is an account of the death of Lord Clarendon, at his place of exile in France, of apoplexy,

"the last fitt whereof was soe violent that his tongue being caught between his teeth they pierced it thorough, insomuch as when he came to himself, as he did for a while before he died, he could hardly make use of it for soreness, whereof he complained very much, but his phisitions kept him in ignorance how it happened, least the knowledge of it should administer discouragement unto him. One passage I have heard is very extraordinary and remarkable, which is that about a month before his death, writing in his closet, his pen fell suddenly out of his hand, and being in no discomposure at all, endeavouring to resume it, he found himself for a while unable; which they say he reflected upon as an omen of the shortnesse of his life, and therefore from that moment neglected all the concerns of this life, and betook himself to the serious thoughts of that which is eternal."

WE print the following letter as an admirable instance of the delicate manner in which, at the same time, a gift may be conferred and a substantial favour sought after in return:—

"Noble S^r

"I doe not write this to putt you to the trouble of an Answer, because I know yr employments are so great, and weighty; But my wife hath A minde you should tast of a country dish, and therefore presents you with a chine of Porke and A Turkey; I call it A Turkey because it hath no fellow, But it had one, before Reynard surpriz'd her; And therefore wee dare not keepe this any longer, for Feare shee should follow her many Brothers and sisters that have gone before her: I heare Dr Gillingham Prebend of Winsor hath bin dead these five weekes; I once supplied his moneth for him, and the charges attending, But I shall not looke to bee repaid by succeeding him, especially if all bee true that I heare, that there is A mandate lyes ready for the Place;

"I am S^r

"Yr troublesome and much obliged
Servant

"1 Febr. [16]68

"HENRY VINTNER

"For my much honoured and Hon^{ble} friend
Mr Joseph Williamson at Whitehall

"I pray leave these at Ladye Andersons House in the Strand with A parcell."

THE subjoined extracts from an original letter we have seen, written in December, 1752, to "Mr. John Mason, at Peter House, Cambridge," are

not unworthy of notice from a student of social history:—

"With regard to my journey into the North, I never had a pleasanter or more satisfactory one in my life, the company that went along with me being very agreeable, and the inhabitants of the northern parts far exceeding the southern in points of hospitality, simplicity of manners, and most other qualities that a stranger could wish to meet with. The gentry even of the highest rank are plain, familiar, hospitable men, and extremely civil to strangers, and the meaner sort according to their abilities equally the same, but seem rather given to merriment than industry; and though the southern generally boast of exceeding them in points of religion, yet this I dare to affirm that the virtues of the northern further exceed their vices than those of the southern. And this encomium I can justly add to their honour, which can be attributed but to too few about us, that is, in going from Bradford in Yorkshire till we got thither back again, I did not hear so much as one oath sworn, save by the soldiers in the garrison at Carlisle. I know this account of their simplicity and integrity is far contrary to the common opinion.

"Butter [at Carlisle] seldom is above two-pence per pound, though it sold at Carlisle for 2½d. when I was there, but was reckoned very dear. Salmon abounds in great plenty, there being very large quantities caught in the river Eden, just by the walls of Carlisle, and seldom sells at above 1d. or 1½d. per pound, and often under. Here is greater plenty of coal than in Westmoreland, there being several great coal works in the county, and much more wood both for timber and fuel; but the meaner sort that live within a mile of the coal-pits seldom burn any, but fetch peats (elding as they call them), perhaps two or three miles, and affirm them to be better fuel. Their butter exceeds ours for sweetness, but their cheese is stark naught, chiefly owing to their bad way of making it. The soil in Cumberland being for the most part good pasture land, their cows are larger than ours in Derbyshire and long-horned, much like the breed at Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire, and though they have a great many Scotch cattle, but buy them only to feed, kill, and really their beef exceeds ours both for fatness and sweetness."

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE announcement which has appeared in the daily newspapers, to the effect that no civilians will be appointed to the Arctic Expedition, is incorrect. We understand that there will certainly be one scientific civilian in each ship, and each officer will take up some special branch. No pains will be spared to secure all the scientific results of Arctic exploration, and, with the advice of the President of the Royal Society, there can be no doubt that the Admiralty will secure the services of the best men that can be obtained.

THE Royal Society and the Geographical Society have been invited by the Admiralty to submit detailed memoranda on the scientific results to be obtained from Arctic exploration. The councils of both societies have appointed committees to prepare these memoranda, which will doubtless be comprehensive and practical. Too much must not be expected from officers engaged upon so difficult and hazardous a service; but it is most important that a careful scheme for their investigations should be provided, and we may be well assured that all will be done, and done well, that it is in the power of brave Englishmen to achieve.

AFTER the annexation of the Fiji Islands, Commodore Goodenough had a map of Viti Levu, the largest of the group, drawn and lithographed, which will be published in a future number of the *Geographical Magazine*. At his suggestion the Hydrographer has also published a new chart of the Fiji Islands, illustrated at the side by a column showing the outlines of other principal islands and groups, with their areas and populations. The Fiji Islands have an area of 7,400 square miles, and a population of 140,000 souls: as compared with Jamaica having an area of 6,490 square miles and a population of 441,264; Sardinia with 9,547 square miles and 573,115 souls; the Canary Isles with 3,220 square miles and

227,000 souls; and the Sandwich Islands with 8,000 square miles and 64,000 souls.

THE *Basilik*, commanded by Captain John Moresby, R.N., son of the venerable Admiral of the Fleet, has returned to England, after having done much surveying work in Torres Strait and on the coast of New Guinea. The work done in 1872, including the discovery of "China Strait," was fully recorded in the paper by Captain Moresby read before a meeting of the Geographical Society on November 24, 1873. This year Lieutenant L. Dawson was attached to the *Basilik* on special duty as surveyor, and some additional work was done along the north side of New Guinea. Lieutenant Dawson is now engaged in the preparation of the new charts. The first sheet has already been submitted, and the others will follow in a couple of months.

ONE of Lieutenant Cameron's best qualifications as an African traveller is the friendly feeling he always establishes with the people he has intercourse with, whether of Arab or Negro race, owing to his invariable courtesy and tact. With the Arabs of Ujiji he is on the most friendly terms. In one of his recent letters he says:—

"They have noble ideas of their duty towards a guest, although an uninvited one. I have found a way of repaying them by reading Steere's *Suahili* tales to them, which they enjoy immensely. They have no professional story-teller up here, and are always ready to hear them over and over again."

By the latest date (May 19) Lieutenant Cameron had completed all his preparations at Ujiji, and was to have started for the Lualaba on the next day, May 20.

The journal of Lieutenant Cameron, giving the details of his discovery of the outlet of Lake Tanganyika, has not yet come to hand. The criticism in an occasional note of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the 18th is therefore premature. The writer of this note characterises Lieutenant Cameron's letter as "vague to a degree." It is brief, because his fuller journal will follow; but it is not vague. It informs us that he has discovered the outlet, has measured the force of its current, and has gone several miles down it. He also gives its position. There is certainly nothing vague in this, and the criticism is unfair; but the *Pall Mall* critic has been still more unfortunate in his onslaught on Lieutenant Cameron's Arab informant, whom he politely designates as a "Father of Lies." This he may be, but certainly not for the reasons adduced by the *Pall Mall* geographer. The Arab appears to have said that he had been down the Lualaba to the sea, and he used the word Congo. His critic asserts that no Arab has ever been on the west coast of Africa south of the equator; never having heard, among others, of the three Arabs who reached Benguela from Zanzibar on April 3, 1852. He caps this blunder by a second, asserting that Congo is a Portuguese name, and that if an Arab had gone down the river he would have said it is called the Zaire. Congo certainly is not a Portuguese name, and Zaire is not the name generally applied to the Congo by the natives except below the falls. We by no means pin our faith on the unsupported statements of Arabs, any more than Lieutenant Cameron is likely to do; but in this case the blunders owe their parentage, not to a dweller on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, but to a would-be geographer much nearer home.

Lieutenant Cameron's arduous undertaking must necessarily be attended with great expense; and we trust that any appeal for funds will be generously responded to. He has already done most important geographical service in exploring the southern half of Lake Tanganyika, and discovering its outlet. He is now believed to be pushing westward with the intention of descending the Congo and reaching the west coast. If he succeeds, it will be the greatest African achievement of this century. If he fails, he will at least have done good geographical

work. Under any circumstances, the expenses must necessarily be very heavy, and must be met by a public subscription. Englishmen, we are convinced, will never allow a countryman engaged in so noble an attempt to be deserted in his need. We understand, and are delighted to announce, that the Council of the Geographical Society has resolved to invite further subscriptions to the Cameron Expedition Fund, and to head the list with 500*l*. We heartily congratulate the Society at having taken the lead, and we cannot doubt that the appeal will be met as it deserves. Such an undertaking as that of Lieut. Cameron is national in its scope, and should have the support of the nation.

A GOVERNMENT mission, having the character of an exploring expedition, was to have left Mandalay for the Chinese province of Yunnan this month. The head of the mission is Colonel Browne, and Mr. Ney Elias, who recently made an important journey across Chinese Tartary, will accompany him. This mission will, it is hoped, have the effect of opening the routes between Burmah and Yunnan, and of developing a trade which was once considerable, but which had dwindled away owing to the Panthay rebellion. The despatch of such an expedition is certainly a step in the right direction.

A REPORT recently sent to the Colonial Office from Labuan gives a curious account of the edible birds' nests, which are included among the "articles imported for the export trade to Singapore." These nests, we are told, are found on the walls of caverns in limestone and sandstone hills all along the coast, but by far the greater part of the supplies received at Labuan are brought from Sandakan Bay and the Kina Batangan River, on the east coast of Borneo. The devourers of these dainties, it seems, distinguish three qualities of them, known as white, red and black. They are produced by two kinds of small swallow; the black nests are by far the most common, and are of much inferior value, one especial drawback being that they are "much mixed with dirt and feathers." Of the finest quality are the white nests, which are without admixture of refuse matter, and of a semi-transparent white substance, resembling isinglass or gelatine. The red nests are of intermediate appearance between the white and black, and are supposed to be made by the bird which constructs the white nests, but at a different season of the year. There is a marked distinction in the price of these delicacies; the white nests sell for 4*5s*. the "catty," the red for 20*s*., the black for 4*s*. 2*d*.

Another article of food esteemed by the Chinese as economical and nourishing is the trepang or dried sea-slug, which is collected in abundance amongst the reefs, islands, and bays of the east coast of the Sooloo Seas, and of Palawan.

Pearls are also largely dealt in at Labuan; the smaller kinds are exported to India and China for the purpose, it is said, of being used in medicine and burnt into lime for the Rajahs to chew with their betel and sirih leaf.

THE *Nation* has the following somewhat startling paragraph, announcing the probable emigration *en masse* of the Icelanders to the recently acquired province of Alaska:—

"When Alaska was transferred to the United States the annexation was generally supposed to be for glory and the extension of the national sovereignty, and Mr. Seward was much laughed at for his folly. The speeches delivered, too, over our new Polar acquisition were popularly treated as so much buncombe. It seems, however, that the purchase is very likely to prove a piece of good luck for us, and perhaps in after-ages will redound to the credit of Mr. Seward's statesmanship, as having, at least, annexed more wisely than he knew. The Icelanders, after having lived what, from all accounts, must have been an uncomfortable life in Iceland for a thousand years, are preparing to celebrate their "millennial" period by emigrating *en masse*; and, in looking round over the globe for some place of settlement which shall at once

be habitable, possess a comfortable climate, and at the same time remind them of home, they have hit upon Alaska. Some time since they appointed a commission to visit the country; and the United States, with very thoughtful liberality, lent the commissioners a ship to make the trip in. The *Portsmouth* has just returned, and the commissioners are reported as very much pleased with their visit. They consider the country an improvement on Iceland, and report that it is not only capable of sustaining life, but also profitable industries. The Icelanders are an intelligent and industrious people, who have had centuries of education and civilisation of no mean kind, and probably only need a good country—such as they declare Alaska to be—to enable them to become a creditable addition to the population of the United States. The only opposition to the scheme anticipated is that likely to be made by the trading companies which have monopoly rights."

For many years past the wolf has been growing rarer and rarer in Scandinavia, and has practically been confined to the northern uplands of the remoter provinces of Sweden. This winter, however, an inexplicable revival of vitality has taken place among these dangerous brutes. The inhabitants of Lappmark are complaining bitterly of the ravages made upon the reindeer of that province, and *Morgenbladet* announces that a flock of wolves has invaded Norway from the Swedish side, and is at present haunting the woods of Gudbrandsdal. The people of Lappmark complain also that the reindeer are making terrible havoc among the haystacks. It is a curious fact, and one which the Lapps themselves are unable to account for, that in certain years, and often when moss is most abundant, the reindeer take a fancy for hay, and show the most mischievous ingenuity in smelling it out.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York: Nov. 28, 1874.

A volume entitled *Life and Literature in the Futherland*, by J. F. Hurst, D.D., has just issued from the press of Scribner, Armstrong and Co., of this city. Dr. Hurst, who is himself an educator, gives in the pleasant pages of his book some very interesting gossip about University life in Germany, the process of book-making, and the pleasures of rambles in the Tyrol.

Biographical sketches appear to be in high favour among our publishers. The *Bric-a-Brac* series, published by Scribner, Armstrong and Co., and edited by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, has just reached its fourth volume, which is composed of selections from the personal reminiscences of Barham, Harness and Hodder. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a series of volumes of contemporary biography, and Henry Holt and Co. have in preparation a series of biographies which will be also a history of poetry, painting, sculpture, war, and other arts.

Miss Kate Field's *Ten Days in Spain*, which first appeared in the form of letters to the *New York Tribune*, have been collected and published in book form by J. R. Osgood and Co., of Boston. Miss Field is perhaps best known as a correspondent, and the very clever letters which form the contents of this neat little volume will go a great way towards strengthening a reputation which is as pleasant as it is well deserved. Her style is bright and bold; she is quick at observation, and unhesitating with an opinion. The book is dedicated, "in sweet revenge, to 'the Blinker,'" the author's courier through Spain.

Miss Field has just entered upon a career which, although new to her, was followed with honour by her parents. She has now turned to the stage as a profession, although she has no idea of deserting the field of literature. Miss Field made her *début* as Peg Woffington upon the same stage where a week before Miss Cushman bade her farewell. Her audience was composed principally of the *littérateurs* of this city and vicinity, and it is seldom that a more critical assembly has been collected to witness the *début* of an actor. With due allowance for the difficulties of a "first night," Miss Field's effort may be called a success. Her personation was marked by intelligence, vi-

vacity, and an excellent knowledge of stage "business." Rarely has a *débutante* made a better impression upon an audience. Certain critics who measured Miss Field by the standard of an experienced actor and not that of a beginner, were inclined to cavil; but her audience, among which were many members of the theatrical profession, look upon these criticisms as unnecessarily harsh. If she does not at the outset reach the highest rank, she certainly surpasses many of the old and acceptable performers.

Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* has just been sung in this city by the Italian opera company (I believe it has not been heard in London yet), and has met here with general favour. The first quartett of the opera company, excepting *Mlle. Albani*, together with a largely-increased orchestra and chorus, under the able leadership of Signor Emanuel Muzio, a nephew of Verdi's, gave the *Messa* at the Academy of Music. To Miss A. L. Cary, the contralto, belong the honours of the performance; not only for her fine voice, but for the intelligence and feeling displayed in the rendering of her part. Verdi is a great favourite with American audiences, but in his *Messa* they looked in vain for that which they love so well in *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*. The present work is more suggestive of *Aida* than of any other of its composer's works. It is beautifully melodious and wonderfully original, but shows the influence of the new German school. In his two later works Verdi has evinced a strength and originality for which his enemies had not given him credit.

D. Appleton and Co., of this city, are about to publish a new poem, entitled *The Evangel*, by Dr. A. Coles, author of *Thirteen Translations of the Dies Irae*, *The Microcosm*, &c. Dr. Coles has been engaged upon this work for years, and has devoted the greatest care to its preparation. This volume, the proof-sheets of which I have just glanced over, is, in fact, the Gospel story in verse, and will be profusely illustrated with Albertype reproductions of engravings from Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Ary Scheffer, Gérôme, Holman Hunt, and others. A good deal of the book seems to me exceedingly uninteresting versification; and the foot-notes swell into the proportions of a commentary; but there are some really noble passages. The Appletons have recently completed arrangements for issuing an American edition of the *London Art Journal*, which will from time to time contain the work of some of the most distinguished American artists.

A series of "Old Letters" will appear in *Scribner's Monthly* for 1875, which should attract some attention in England. They were written by a young American matron—a humble member of that "brilliant galaxy of wits, artists, poets, and statesmen, that, with the aristocracy, made the society of London in the years 1832, 1833, and 1834." Here is a bit from the advance sheets of the January number:—

"Our dinner at the Boddingtons' went off very well. It was a round table. [The guests were Mr. Sharpe, Stuart Newton, the painter; Macaulay, Col. Webster, Mr. Kennedy, Lord Ossulston; a famous beauty, Mrs. Webster; Christopher Hughes; Mrs. Kennedy; Mr. Boddington; his son. Mr. B. was a banker.] Mr. Sharpe is 'Conversation Sharpe'; he was a hatter, but is everywhere sought after on account of his intellect and conversation. He is self-educated, and reads and has read everything. He handed me in to dinner. Macaulay is the young man who is making such a noise in the world—an M.P.—makes famous speeches, and is thought by the Whigs the cleverest man in England. I think he talks too much for so young a man, and he impressed me as a conceited person."

"Rogers sent a little volume of charming engravings to me as a present—illustrations of Sir Walter Scott's novels."

"Friday evening Lady Holland sent her son, Colonel Webster, to call upon us. She is too ill to go out herself. Colonel Webster was the person who first carried the news to Lord Wellington of the approach of the Prussians in the battle of Waterloo, at a ball given by Lady Charlotte Greville. . . . We went

to see old Jekyll, which you would have enjoyed intensely. He is seventy-seven; was the intimate friend of Fox and Pitt, and of George IV., who, he said, 'was the best bad man he ever knew.' He was dressed in blue, with bright buttons buttoned up to his chin, his hair powdered, and his hands entirely misshapen, or, rather, shrunken from the gout; he was looking as delicate and neat as possible. He was seated in a large arm-chair, with books and writing materials, and pictures about him, and antique jars and vases. He has an intimate friend living next door to him. They never meet more than once a year, but correspond twenty times a day and always in Latin. When I went in he held up both hands to welcome me. I drew a chair up to his side and spoke distinctly (for he is deaf), though not loud, as I was requested. He told me Joe had told him I was ugly and stupid, and he saw it was true. He asked if there was 'the same law about beating a wife in America as here;' that he 'understood that we had increased the number of stripes from fifteen to seventeen,' which was dangerous; that the tri-coloured flag was not necessary here, that they were satisfied with black and blue, and that the Union flag was not much in vogue. (A hit at connubial life in London society.) He is a renowned wit, and the brightest old man I ever knew. He said Mirabeau told him that Diderot used to hide himself in his bookseller's store to see who bought his books, and that a person came in and asked if he could buy the prints without the lettered part. He asked if I would let him come and see me (he couldn't walk out), and said that he had learned more of America and American women than he ever knew before."

The musical event of the season was the revival of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and the first appearance of Mdle. Albani in the rôle of Elsa, which took place at the Academy of Music on the 25th instant. This opera was first given in New York last spring by the Italian Opera company, with Mdme. Nilsson-Rozaud as Elsa, and Signor Campanini in the title rôle. It was not unnatural that we should compare the singers of last Wednesday evening with the artists whom we last heard in the same parts, and we cannot but acknowledge that the former suffered by the comparison. If I had never heard Mdme. Nilsson, I should probably say that Mdle. Albani was a remarkably fine Elsa; but having heard Mdme. Nilsson, who was so much better, I can only say that Mdle. Albani was good—more than good, perhaps. She did not throw into her interpretation of the rôle the poetry for which Mdme. Nilsson's personation was remarkable, neither did her voice fulfil all the requirements of the part. Mdle. Albani's Elsa is a most artistic performance—Mdme. Nilsson's is a unique and wonderful creation. The music of this opera is exceedingly difficult and most trying to the voice. In certain parts—notably the song on the balcony and the duet with Ortrud—Mdle. Albani is unrivalled. She was not, however, equal to the requirements of the prayer-scene in the first act, or the duet with Lohengrin in the third act. This duet takes over twenty minutes in singing, and becomes exceedingly tiresome unless more than well sung. Mdle. Albani's conception of the rôle differs from Mdme. Nilsson's in some important particulars. Taken all in all, however, there is nothing about it with which to find fault, and a great deal in it to praise. Signor Carpi sang the rôle of Lohengrin with taste and expression, but he acted it miserably. Campanini looked every inch the holy knight; there was something inspiring in the very way he walked about the stage. Carpi, as far as bearing goes, might have been one of the chorus. Miss Cary sang Ortrud, and Signor del Puente Frederick, rôles in which they made a most favourable impression last year. The audience at the Academy was the largest of the season. It is very generally regretted that this opera was not given earlier in the season, as the troupe leaves the city on a tour through the eastern and western States on Monday. *Lohengrin* will of course be sung again on its return to New York. The reason for its postponement was, that Mdle. Albani had to learn her rôle in the short time she

has been in America, no small task when taken in connexion with her other professional duties.

Scribner, Armstrong and Co. announce among their holiday books, *Myths of the Rhine*, translated from the French of X. B. Santine by Professor Schéle De Vere, with 150 illustrations by Gustave Doré. This is the first translation made into English of this volume by the author of the famous *Picciola*.

A very readable book of Arctic exploration is Captain Tyson's *Arctic Experiences*, recently published by Harper Brothers. The book is edited by a lady, E. Vale Blake. Captain Tyson belonged to the ill-fated *Polaris* expedition, and this volume gives the results, and holds up to the light the weak points in the expedition. The editor thinks that the *Polaris* expedition was "not a failure, but a grand success," and gives excellent reasons for her opinions. The facts of which the book is made up were given to its editor by Captain Tyson for preparation, and the task has been cleverly accomplished.

J. L. GILDER.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature and Art.

- CLÉMENT, C. Léopold Robert d'après sa correspondance inédite. Paris: Didier.
- DEMMIN, A. Encyclopédie historique, archéologique, biographique, chronologique, et monographique des Beaux-Arts plastiques. Paris: Fourné, Jonvel, et C^{ie}, 80 fr.
- ESCUDIER, G. Les Saltimbanques: leur vie—theurs moeurs. Paris: Lévy, 10 fr.
- HALLIWELL, J. O. Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare. Part I. Longmans. 42s.
- HARDY, T. Far from the Madding Crowd. Smith, Elder & Co.
- HARE, A. J. C. Days near Rome. Daldy, Isbister & Co. 24s.
- MARKHAM, CLEMENTS R. Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India, 1872-3. Stationery Office.
- MAZZINI, Joseph, A Memoir of. By E. A. V. With two Essays by Mazzini. King. 3s. 6d.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.

18 Church Row, Hampstead, N.W.: Dec. 19, 1874.

The writer of an Art Note in to-day's *ACADEMY* on the new American Catalogue of *Liber Studiorum* has, I think, omitted to notice how much that compilation owes to the earlier catalogue of *Liber* prints issued by the Burlington Fine Arts Club to its members. Mr. Norton, the American compiler—no doubt a true and excellent enthusiast for Turner—acknowledges, though chiefly in general terms, his own obligations, and indeed most of the "pertinent comments and references" with which your contributor credits him, are due to the writer or writers of the earlier Catalogue.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

BACTRIAN COINS AND INDIAN DATES.

Kensington: December 16, 1874.

Those of your readers who concern themselves with the vexed question of Indian dates may be interested to learn that evidence of some importance, in that direction, has recently been obtained from the coins of the Bactrian Greeks. Since Bayer's premature attempt to interpret a Mint-monogram on a piece of Eukratides as 108,* Numismatists have not lost sight of the possible discrimination of dates as opposed to Mint-marks on the surfaces of these issues.†

In 1858 I published, in my edition of Prinsep's *Essays on Indian Antiquities*, a notice of the detached letters *OR* as occurring on a coin of Eukratides (No. 3, p. 184, vol. ii.) and *NR* as found on the money of Heliokles (No. 1, p. 182), which letters would severally represent the figures 73 and 83; but these numbers were apparently too low to afford any satisfactory elucidation in their application as dynastic dates.

On a chance visit to the British Museum, a short time ago, Mr. Percy Gardner was so obliging as to show me all the latest acquisitions of Bactrian coins, and among them a specimen of Heliokles with the full trilateral date, after the manner of the Syrian mints, of *ΠΝΓ* or 183,‡ which when tested by the Seleucid era (311-183) brings his reign under the convenient date of B.C. 128, and authorises us to use the abbreviated figures, under the same terms, as *OR* = 73 for 173 Sel. = 138 B.C. for Eukratides, and the repeated *ΠΓ* = 83 for 183 Sel. = 128 for Heliokles, a date which is further supported by the appearance of the exceptionally combined *open monogram* [A] (*ΠΑ*), or 81 for 181 = 130 B.C. on his other pieces.

In addition to the value of these data as fixing definitively, though within fairly anticipated limits, the epochs of these prominent Bactrian kings, the conventional use of the abbreviated definition introduces us at once to local customs, to which the Greeks so readily lent themselves, in their adoption of the method of reckoning by the Indian *Loka Kāla*,§ which simplified the expression of dates, as we do now, in the civilised year of our Lord, when we write 74 for 1874.

The domestication of the Seleucid era and its incorporation of Indian methods of calculation, leads on to the consideration of how long this exotic system of computation maintained its ground in Upper India, and how much influence it exerted upon the chronological records of succeeding dynasties. I have long been under the impression that this influence was more wide-spread and abiding than my fellow antiquarians have been ready to admit,|| but I am now prepared to carry my inferences into newer channels, and to suggest, as a commencement, that the Indo-Scythian "Kanishka" kings continued to use the Seleucid era, even as they retained the minor sub-

* *Hist. Reg. Graecorum Bactriani*. St. Petersburg, 1738, p. 44.

† H. H. Wilson, *Ariana Antiqua*, pp. 235, 238. General A. Cunningham, *Numismatic Chronicle*, ix. n.s. p. 230.

‡ The unique coin of Plato lately purchased by the British Museum, which is closely associated in its obverse device with the money of Eukratides, is also dated, apparently, *PMZ* = 147 Sel., or 164 B.C.

§ Albiruni writing in India in 1031 A.D., tells us, "Le vulgaire, dans l'Inde, compte par siècles, et les siècles se placent l'un après l'autre. On appelle cela le Samvatsara du cent. Quand un cent est écoulé, on le laisse et l'on en commence un autre. On appelle cela Loka-kāla, c'est-à-dire compté du peuple." (Reinaud's Translation, *Fragments Arabes*, Paris, 1845.) Albiruni was a great authority on dates, and wrote a book about eras, in which he recounts the existence of an ancient Khārismanian era of 980 years before the Seleucid initial point. (Sir H. Rawlinson, *Quarterly Review*, 1866, p. 491.)

|| *J. R. Asiatic Society*, xii. 41; *J. A. S. Bengal* 1855, p. 565, and 1872, p. 175; Prinsep's *Essays*, ii. 86; *Journal Asiatique* 1863, p. 388.

divisions of the Greek months which formed an essential part of its system: and under this view to propose that we should treat the entire range of dates of the "Hushka, Jushka, and Kanishka" family of the Rāja Taringini,* which their inscriptions expand from ix. to xlviii.,† as pertaining to the fourth century of the Seleucidan era, an arrangement which will bring them into concert with our reckoning from 2 B.C. to 87 A.D. A scheme which would moreover provide for their full possession of power up to the crucial "Saka" date of 78-79 A.D., and allow for the continuance of certain local reigns as claimed by their subordinate public epigraphs.

The Saka era, with its Indian months as recorded in the Gupta inscriptions,‡ belongs to a new order of things, but this much may be added in conclusion, that the earliest epigraph of Chandragupta, the third of that race, dated in 82 Saka, or 161 A.D., leaves a satisfactory margin for the heroic efforts and successful conquests of the second Vikramāditya (of Albirūnī's legends) and his immediate successors. EDWARD THOMAS.

TREVANDRUM MAGNETICAL OBSERVATIONS.

4, Abercorn Place, N.W.: Dec. 18, 1874.

In the very favourable notice of my work in your journal of the 12th inst. (p. 639) there occurs the following passage:—

"We miss in the volume any investigations bearing on that most interesting class of magnetic phenomena, magnetic storms, so ably treated of by Sir E. Sabine and the Astronomer Royal, in numerous papers in the *Philosophical Transactions* and elsewhere. Mr. Broun seems to have discussed together the whole of the observations without first separating the disturbed readings from the undisturbed, a course which it appears not improbable may account for some of the differences between his results and those of other magneticians."

Anxious as I am that the amount of work bestowed on these discussions should neither be underestimated nor misunderstood, I trust that I may be excused for offering a few remarks on the passage cited.

Not only has the subject of magnetic disturbances been considered in the discussions of the Trevandrum Observations, but perhaps in no other case have those investigations been carried out to the same extent. In the volume itself the laws of magnetic disturbance usually sought have been treated—the decennial, the annual and diurnal laws of mean disturbance, the diurnal laws of easterly and westerly disturbance, &c., &c. The method by which these results are obtained is not that with which Mr. Whipple is probably most conversant, but it is the same as that previously employed by Dr. Lloyd in his discussion of the Dublin observations, and by myself on the Makerstoun observations. Mr. Whipple's oversight, however, is probably due to the fact that these discussions occupy comparatively few pages of the volume (pp. 141 to 146, and 185 to 189). Besides these investigations, others, never previously tried, were made by me, involving an immense labour: the results, though alluded to, have not been given, since no laws could be deduced from them.

It is, however, particularly the suggestion made by Mr. Whipple, that the separation or non-separation of disturbed from undisturbed observations may explain the differences between my results and those of other investigators which requires notice. It is quite true that no separation of disturbed from undisturbed observations has been made in the discussions given in the volume.

The separation of the so-called disturbed readings from the undisturbed has been strongly ob-

jected to by several magneticians, and the whole question has been thoroughly investigated by me many years ago. The Astronomer Royal has gone so far as to say:—

"I cannot think myself justified in separating any single magnetic indication, or any series of indications defined only by their magnitude; nor do I entertain the belief that any special value could attach to the results which I might derive from observations from which such indications have been removed."

(*Phil. Trans.*, vol. cliii. p. 167.) This is, I believe, the strictly scientific view—one which certainly appears to throw some doubt on the results of the other magneticians referred to. But the fact is, however unscientific the process may be, no separation or exclusion of extreme readings which has been employed, and which leaves a sufficiently large number of observations for discussion, affects the general laws and conclusions sought. I have discussed many years ago the Makerstoun observations of declination (with reference to the lunar action, that which is here most in question), both including all the observations and excluding all those made on days of considerable magnetic irregularity, without altering the general result.

If this be true for a high magnetic latitude like that of Makerstoun, where the effects of the larger disturbances on the magnetic needle (the difference of the directive forces being allowed for), are ten times greater than at Trevandrum,* it will be easily understood that the separation of disturbed and undisturbed readings will have a much less effect at the latter place. This is, however, not a matter of supposition merely, since the method of separation of disturbed days was also employed at Trevandrum on the whole calculations without the general results being at all affected.

The separation then (or non-separation) of the disturbed from the undisturbed readings has nothing whatever to do with the differences referred to; these are really due partly to the particular position of Trevandrum on the magnetic equator (a region of great importance in connexion with the solar as well as the lunar action on the magnetic needle), and partly to the laws having been sought for under conditions and by methods which other investigators have not tried.

JOHN ALLAN BROUN.

AN ALLUSION IN "HAMLET."

3 St. George's Square, N.W.: December 21, 1874.

While congratulating my friend Mr. R. Simpson on his having hit on such an admirable parallel to Hamlet's "croaking raven," which shows too that his father's ghost was then in his mind, I cannot see how Mr. Simpson proves two other points in his letter: 1. "That Hamlet does not quote any passage of the old play of the same name;" for neither Mr. Simpson nor any other known man living has seen the old play. 2. That "the work of commenting should be postponed to the work of gathering materials." In the present case the material was gathered—*The True Tragedie* was printed—in 1844. People have since gone on gathering instead of commenting: hence it has taken thirty years to get these two parallel passages put together in print. Mr. Hickson's and Mr. Spedding's remarkable articles or comments on *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.* had been practically overlooked for over twenty years till I had them reprinted for the New Shakspeare Society.† The true moral of these facts seems to me to be, "Comment carefully at once on all freshly gathered material as it comes in. Don't lose

* The greatest deviation of the magnetic needle from its mean position at Trevandrum during eighteen years' observations was only about nine minutes of arc (9'); deviations of twenty times this amount were observed by me at Makerstoun.

† Messrs. Clark and Wright noticed Mr. Spedding's article a few years back.

yourself in merely pioneering after fresh material. Use up first what you have in hand." Seeing that Malone's discovery of ryme-tests lay untouched in England for nearly 100 years, that Bathurst's insistence on the value of the stop-line test was pooh-poohed for some twenty years, I think one is now justified in desiring rather study of, and insight into, Shakspeare's plays, his characters and himself, than material for illustrating special passages in him, valuable as that is in its way. I would rather have Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Spedding "comment" on Shakspeare than any other hundred men "gather materials" about him. F. J. FURNIVALL.

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, Dec. 26,	3 p.m.	Royal Albert Hall: Grand National Concert (Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington).
MONDAY, Dec. 28,	8 p.m. 6 p.m.	"Institution": Professor Armstrong on "The Life-History of Plants and Animals." Actuaries' Institute.
TUESDAY, Dec. 29,	7 p.m. 3 p.m.	Royal Institution: Prof. Gladstone on "The Voltaic Battery, The Cell and its Effects." (Juvenile Lecture).
THURSDAY, Dec. 31,	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: Prof. Gladstone on "The Voltaic Battery, The Replacement of Metals." (Juvenile Lecture).
FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1875,	8 p.m.	Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

The Philosophy of History in France and Germany. By Robert Flint, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, University of St. Andrews. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons, 1874.)

THIS work is the first tolerably complete account of the attempts which have been made in France and Germany to divine the nature of historical movement, and to formulate its periods and portions in terms of this supposed nature. The speculations themselves are very heterogeneous in character—some of them sketches, some of them systems. Some seek a principle of systematisation and put the gist of the past in the categories supplied by that principle. Others seek the law by which one period or state of society follows another, hoping to foretell the coming times. The first class propose to square the circle; the second, to invent a machine with perpetual motion. The difference of these views points to a deeper division, long maintained as absolute, between the historical and the scientific, or between mind and nature. The present age, however, is, as Professor Flint observes, one in which "all history has been for some time rapidly becoming scientific, and almost all science still more rapidly historical." The fundamental idea of progress or development suggested by history proper, and the fundamental idea of natural law suggested by the observation of physical facts, more and more tend to combine in forming our conceptions of the world. They are not ideas peculiar to the science of history; and to be studied aright must be examined on more comprehensive ground than that of any special science. The distinguishing feature of historical science comes in with the idea of freedom: and the difficult problem is to reconcile this idea with the omnipotence of general law. For

* Professor Wilson. *Asiatic Researches* xv.; Troyer, *Histoire des Rois du Kachmir*.

† *Jour. R. A. Soc.* v. n. s. p. 182. "Ancient Indian Weights," 1874, p. 46. General Cunningham's *Arch. Rep.* iii. p. 29.

‡ *Prinsep's Essays*, i. 231, et seq.

the science of history assumes that the course of this world is beyond the control of individual agency: that the passions contribute to fulfil the ends of the Spirit, or of Nature, and that the continuous influences of social laws are inevitably, even if gradually, preponderant.

The fact is, that the idea of progress, on which we find some interesting remarks in the "Introduction," is not so simple as it seems. It has both the meaning of development, and of improvement; and while the former sense is tolerably realistic and applies in science generally, the latter contains an idealistic element. Nor is the ambiguity which belongs to this idea less striking in the case of the other idea of unity. The idea of unity, like that of progress, and even more fundamentally, lies at the root of science, or is involved in its very possibility. There is a unity in history in the sense of a solidarity of the human race in all places and times;—in the sense of a continuity in the operation of every force of humanity;—in the sense of a solidarity between all the different forms of human activity;—and in the sense of an unbroken record, where no one point is an absolute end, and no one point an absolute beginning of history. These ideas Professor Flint has in some measure examined: but it would have been well if he had gone more thoroughly into the idea of freedom, which is perhaps more specially interesting to the historical philosopher than either of them. When he remarks that "the present is the necessary product of the past," he may be right, if the past be not understood as the only factor in that product: but when he goes on to say that this view is "compatible with freedom of choice and action," we look for some proof of the statement, and some explanation how this compatibility stands to that held by other thinkers whom he criticises. On these subjects a *quantum sufficit* of metaphysics is a necessary dose for the reasoner who wishes a well-digested doctrine.

There are other points of great importance which Professor Flint has reserved for a future volume. The philosophy of history has yet to be traced as it appears in Italy and England. And the discussion of the character, scope, and method of historical science, its relation to psychology and to theology, its dependence upon the combined and methodical application of all the sciences, as well as questions touching the worth of human life, and the aim and significance of history, remain to be taken up, after the historical theories of the past have been described and criticised. This adjournment, if it be to some degree inevitable, is also to some degree unsatisfactory. The present account seems occasionally like holding a court of justice before the laws constituting its authority have been established.

Professor Flint has brought to the investigation a strong sense, even a fervent zeal, for what is true and right; a vigorous impatience of shams and sophisms of every sort, no matter by whom recommended; and a conviction that the freedom of man must be the keynote to any philosophy of history. The work before us bears ample evidence to the range of his researches and to his power of mastering and repro-

ducing the great systems of historical theory. His exposition is clear and readable, and though often heavy, is relieved by occasional digressions. Its generally lecturesque style refreshes by the directness of personal communication, and may perhaps serve as an excuse for the dogmatic tone of some passages in the book. Still one could wish that decisions were not given *ex cathedra* on many points that are yet considered by tolerably competent critics to admit of a good deal being said on both sides.

In such a work it is difficult to preserve a due proportion. Whilst some of the highest names are also best known, the account of their theory can be safely curtailed; whereas the minor lights call for a good deal of collateral information. This leads without fail to inequality: for although "philosophy advances not by a series only of great steps, but by every labour that extends the limits and increases the wealth of human thought," still great minds perhaps deserve a higher place in that advance than Professor Flint seems disposed to accord them. On the other hand, thanks are due to him for rescuing from comparative oblivion the interesting speculations of Hegelin on historical method, and for explaining at some length the peculiar system of Krause. Even Quinet is not so much read in this country as he ought to be. And if M. Odysse-Barot is not a profound philosopher, his generalisations, beginning with the definition, "Une nationalité, c'est un bassin," are at any rate amusing.

The standpoint of the work is professedly scientific and inductive. It holds that "the ultimate and greatest triumph of historical philosophy will really be neither more nor less than the full proof of providence." This proof is to come, not by dragging in religious dogmas, instead of facts of experience, nor by attempting to constrain the phenomena of history in arbitrary categories directly borrowed from the higher logic, but by patiently elaborating facts through the help of ideas, and ideas through the help of facts. On which two remarks suggest themselves: first, a doubt whether the book keeps quite clear of metaphysics and theology; and secondly, that the means at the command of the philosopher seem miserably inadequate to the end and "triumph" suggested.

The theories of which this book gives an account leave various impressions on the mind. At times they dazzle the imagination by their comprehensive schemes, their suggestive analogies, and glimpses of profound unities. But when examination passes from this generality and penetrates deeply at some one point, the charm of the great idea, and its evidence in the phenomena, fade away. Philosophy in their case means, as Kant has said, "not logical exactness in defining notions, or careful distinguishing and verifying of principles, but a far-reaching and flitting glance, a sagacity which is apt in discovering analogies, and an imagination bold in employing them." The philosophy of history has generally taken the motto *Aut Caesar aut nullus*; either all-comprehensive, or unfit to explain anything. In these circumstances the historical enquirer closes his ears to mere reflections and rough generali-

sations, and restricts himself to ground where, if he cannot gain so much, he is certain of what he does gain. He traces the history of a single period, a single nation, a single event, or a special line of human action. And such specialist history has its merits as against vague speculation. But the philosophy of history remains as an end to which all histories yet written are fragmentary contributions—to which all philosophising attempts are approximations, required by the instinct which in different epochs insists on rounding the fragmentary facts. The need of such comprehension is a growing power which strengthens with the widening and increasing complexity of social ties, with the extension of our knowledge of the past and of the various forms of mental manifestation, and with our deepening acquaintance with the conditions of life. Philosophical systems of history, as of other sciences, are but the perpetually recurring anticipations of a finality which we cannot wait for, rendered necessary by the craving of intellect after unity, and having for their aim to bring into a clear light the achievements of the past and the questions of the future. Herein lies at once their weakness, and their strength. They are useful, when by their suggestions they accelerate the consummation of science; injurious when they cramp investigation, or send it upon wrong tracks.

In connexion with the various values of historical philosophy it is well to bear in mind the change in the contents of history itself. From the *naïve* presentation of striking actions, and of marvels in nature and art, it grew to be a record of political movements; and when Christianity entered upon an inheritance of civil power, ecclesiastical interests began to act upon the whole conception of history. The industrial and economical features of society; the influence of arts and sciences; the nature of religion and superstition; the varieties of manners, laws, and languages, have at different times swelled the current of historical narration. And with palaeontology there has been evoked a faint record of things before the point at which history in the older sense began. There is no good ground for supposing that we have yet reached the end. And this growth in the knowledge of what history really means is another aspect of the changes in the philosophies of history themselves.

General and abstract as the results of speculation upon history must often be, they become still more empty and lifeless when summarised. To put them in a nutshell is to make the nutshell scarcely worth the trouble of cracking. The summarising expositor must, to a large extent, erase the background on which the philosophy of history rests.

As the sources from which it draws vary in nature and amount, so does the philosophy vary too. To trace these influences would give meaning and interest to what otherwise seems remote and arbitrary, and, by letting us see the changing element in which the philosophy of history moves, would enable us to judge how far it has in each age advanced. There are occasions when Professor Flint has referred in this way to the environment of the specula-

tive historian; but he has done so too seldom and given too exclusive importance to political considerations.

The subject examined in this volume scarcely carries us more than a century back. It was the central idea of Christianity which, combined with the prophetic vision of empires and with the impression of Roman conquests and perennial sway, first gave a point of vantage from which the kingdoms of this world could be effectively surveyed. Thus arose the view of Augustine in the beginning of the fifth century, with which the view of Bossuet in the seventeenth was substantially the same. A glimpse of a truer method of historical science was gained by the Frenchman Bodin; but it was reserved for the humanitarian and cosmopolitan thinkers of the eighteenth century to initiate, and in large measure to execute, a comprehensive survey of human history.

The list is headed by the comparatively specialist enquiries of Montesquieu on the Spirit of Laws and on the fluctuations in Roman power. But the general aspects of the historical field were more properly exhibited by Turgot and Condorcet. The principal features in the historical philosophy which grew up with the spirit of the Revolution were a hopefulness and enthusiasm, which in many cases continued unabated after many hopes had proved illusory. The favourite theme was the doctrine of universal progress, and of the perfectibility of man. The emancipation which had been won in a few years by the intellectual and social *élite* of France, seemed to promise a speedy realisation of the same freedom of thought and the same extended knowledge for the whole mass of mankind. The charm of new ideas, and of intellectual conquests, made them forget that the bond of custom and nationality was still potent, and that humanity was more than a machine, or even than a vegetable.

The ripe result of the scientific labours of the eighteenth century, as they bear upon humanity, was seen in Herder's *Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Mankind*. Natural history, new geographical and ethnological facts, and the study of older civilisations had widened the range of popular conceptions. Goethe's discovery of the intermaxillary bone was not without its effect. Hume's suggestions on Natural Religion, and the educational theory of Rousseau and Basedow, coloured the prevailing tone of thought. Education was the pet project of the day: only the education was to be freed from the schoolmaster's rod, and a royal road was to be discovered for the learner. Pictures and maps and playthings were to lull him unawares in the cradle of science. Culture would have fain been free, but it objected to paying the price of liberation.

The idea of Herder's book is that the end of man's life is a free and fair humanity, and that every country has ample happiness of its own, conditioned by its habits and tradition. Man is a child of the earth, to be explained by his organisation, and by the social strata of custom and language amid which he lives and learns. But after all, this conception of history as education in the open school of nature was almost obliterated by the prominence given to happiness as the

end which was realised by the islanders of the Pacific as well as by the citizens of Berlin. Whilst emphasis was laid on the welfare of men and their equally sufficient development in all lands; the progress of mankind in art and science, which is realised by means of men's instincts and passions was disregarded. But in the contemporaneous suggestions of Kant on a cosmopolitan history the opposite point of view comes forward. Nature according to him is only careful of the kind; and the passions of men and women are a mere play which nature turns to her own end—that end being the full development of reason. Others who have recognised that the individual in this life never attains the full perfection of his nature have sought to complete what was wanting, by supposing, like Leroux, that the soul returns in transmigrations through successive generations on this earth, or like Reynaud, that it rises higher and higher in a series of lives in other worlds than this. But according to Kant, what cannot be accomplished in the individual may be achieved in the race. He supposes the end to be first realised in the State, and most perfectly in a federation of States, by which reason secures a ground of advance in all directions. Hegel attempted to combine this view, that the state is the means of liberating man, and the substratum of all spiritual life, with the view of Herder that each land has a development of its own, or represents the place of the world-spirit at a special epoch. It is, however, in the Commonwealth that moral and intellectual life, as well as art and religion, first reach a real existence; and thus the Commonwealth is the focus of the history of mankind. The several states in their day represent the rounded development of humanity; each good in its kind: but the end is not yet.

The other exponents of historical philosophy at the beginning of this century in Germany call for little notice. Schlegel is the type of a number who were dominated by religions, and in the main Catholic ideas, though none of them possessed the same experience in the facts of history. Schelling made various contributions to historical theory; but his most notable service was rendered in the days of his Nestorhood, when he proposed to define the true time and place of mythology and religion in reference to history.

Since the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, French theories on history have run in at least three distinct lines. Nearly all of them, with the probable exception of Comte, have been more or less affected by German speculations; and not unfrequently they have caught very distorted glimpses of the doctrine of their masters. It is probable that they have often set forth these ideas with more style than the original thinkers did; but the philosophic value of their utterances is a very different matter. The first of the directions mentioned was that of the Catholic and royalist reaction, preached by De Bonald and De Maistre. The second was the school of Cousin and of Guizot. While the philosopher sought ideas from Germany, the historian got from England the "horribly metaphysical" idea of a constitutional govern-

ment. Cousin's philosophy of history is mainly an exaggeration of some of the more salient features in Hegel, and has little claim to be regarded either as a faithful exposition, or as an independent theory. Thirdly, there was a divergent series of revolutionary thinkers, vigorous, but chaotic. Beginning with the vision of a *carrière physico-politique*, it gave rise finally to the Positive Philosophy. The main achievement of that school is the enforcement of the principles of a science of society, which shall at once consider the organisation of social order, and the method of social progress. Similar attempts to introduce scientific accuracy into social investigations were previously made by Buchez; but even Professor Flint is obliged to confess that Buchez is sometimes too hard for him.

Two of the least satisfactory chapters in the book are those on Comte and on Hegel. And the fault is partly the same in both cases: loose general remarks on the total systems, instead of their special relations to history. In the case of Hegel Professor Flint probably over-estimates the dependence of the Philosophy of History upon the system of the idea. And it was scarcely Hegel's fault that he had not studied Dr. Legge's Chinese Classics.

There are one or two points of lesser importance to which objection might be taken. One is the estimate of war. Professor Flint is scandalised by those who hold that "war is divine in itself, since it is one of the great laws of the world." Exaggeration on these topics is only too easy. Of course war springs from human passions. But the question does not concern these passions—it concerns their place in the economy of nature. The problem really coincides with the much larger issues raised as to the universal competition for existence; and cannot be profitably studied apart from them. It is closely connected with the question of Optimism. Popular optimism means that everything in our immediate surroundings is as good as can be, and that we in particular could not be better off than we are. But philosophical optimism is different from this. The world may be a reasonable world, and yet Number One may not possess all the bliss of which he can form a conception. Professor Flint seems to think that a dash of pessimism is not a bad thing, and that Schopenhauer and Hartmann have added this ingredient to the philosophical cup which their predecessors had made too sweet. This view is at present in fashion: its truth is another matter, not to be found out without much and close examination of both doctrines.

W. WALLACE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Electrical Excitability of the Cerebral Hemispheres.—H. Braun in a recent number of Eckhard's *Beiträge* gives the results of some experiments he has undertaken with a view of ascertaining the accuracy of Hitzig's statements, some account of which was given in a former number of this journal. He finds, in opposition to Hitzig, that the dura mater is not highly sensitive, even when it has been laid bare for some time. The experiments on the brain were made upon narcotised dogs with feeble induction currents, and were

generally confirmatory of those of Hitzig. A new point, however, was the discovery of two centres in the same hemisphere, the irritation of which called forth similar movements. Thus there were two for the muscles of the neck. On irritation with weak currents, not only did muscular contractions take place during the passage of the current, but often subsequent contractions occurred when the current was broken, and these sometimes spread so that the animal became generally convulsed. In regard to the question as to whether the contraction observed in Hitzig's experiments depends upon the conduction of the current through the tissues to distant parts, Braun shows that section of the fibres springing from the vicinity of the irritated surface stops all manifestation of nervous excitation, the movements suddenly ceasing. So also if the grey matter be sliced away, the application of the electrical current to the cut surface of the whole substance, *i.e.* to the ends of the nerve fibres arising from the cortical substance, the same groups of muscles were thrown into action as when the surface of the grey matter itself was stimulated in this region.

Inoculation with Bee Poison.—Mr. G. Walker, a writer in the *British Bee Journal* (December 1, 1874), opens up the interesting question as to whether immunity from the pain and other injurious effects of the sting of the bee can be obtained by inoculation. Visiting the Hanwell Apiary, he was struck with the mode in which the owner managed his bees, and asked him the length of time it required to render a person sting-proof. The reply was, that the son had only been a short time working with bees, and that he was quite free from any of the usual effects of bee stings. Mr. Walker made the experiment upon himself, his *modus operandi* being to catch a bee, place it upon his wrist, and allow it to sting him, taking care that he received the largest amount of poison, by preventing it from going away at once; then he let the poison-bag work, which it does for some time after being separated from the bee. The first day he stung himself twice. The effect was rather severe cutaneous erysipelas, disorder of the motor nerve, with the usual signs of inflammation. A few days having elapsed, and the symptoms having subsided, he caused himself to be stung again three times in quick succession. The attack of erysipelas was on this occasion not nearly so severe, still a stinging sensation ran up to the shoulder, and a lymphatic gland behind his ear increased considerably in size, the poison being taken up by the lymphatic system. A few days subsequently he was stung thrice, and the pain was considerably less though the swelling was still extensive. At the end of the next week he had had eighteen stings, and by the close of the third week thirty-two stings. After the twentieth sting there was very little swelling or pain, only a slight itching sensation with a small amount of inflammation in the immediate neighbourhood of the part stung, which did not spread farther.

The Dependence of the Perception of Colour upon Time.—In a recent number of Pflüger's *Archiv*, Band ix., and *Medical Record*, November 11, 1874), M. Kunkel describes some experiments made with a view of determining the time requisite for particular colours of the spectrum, especially red, green, and blue, to produce their greatest effect. The following results were obtained:—1. The different parts of the spectrum take different times to produce their maximum of excitation; and in all cases the time taken by red is the shortest, then follow blue and green, of which, with equal subjective brightness, blue has the precedence. Thus, *e.g.*, to produce the maximum excitation (with equal breadth of the slit admitting the light, red required 0.0573 sec.; green 0.0971 sec.; and blue 0.1018 sec. With about equal brightness, the numbers obtained were, for red, 0.0573; for green, 0.133; and for blue, 0.0916.

2. For the same colour it holds good that the

greater brightness takes a shorter time to produce the maximum of excitation than the less. This appears clearly from the following table:—

Colour.	Degrees of brightness.		
	1 sec.	2 sec.	4 sec.
Red	0.071	0.0573	—
Green	0.133	0.097	0.0699
Blue	—	0.102	0.0916

3. With the brightness vary also colour-tone and saturation. This fact (the author adds) has already been experimentally proved by Helmholtz, and may be expressed by the statement that with increasing brightness of coloured light the sensations called forth tend towards the white. M. Kunkel observed that blue without change of its colour-tone passes into white, whereas green and red approximate to the white through yellow.

He further observed a marked influence of time on the perception of brightness and of colour-tone. It appeared, especially in the case of green, that the intensities of the coloured light, with short time of action (sufficient to produce maximum excitation), produced uncommonly high values of excitation and an extensive change of colour-tone; whereas the same parts of the spectrum, with the same objective brightness, but with continued looking, excited the eye much less intensely, and thus always made the impression of the colour belonging to that portion of the spectrum with great saturation.

4. With very short action of homogeneous light on the eye the colour-tone is also altered, and in such a way that the whole spectrum now appears divided into two parts, one of which gives the impression of red, the other that of blue. If the excitation be made in still shorter time or with less intensity, we come to a point where there is perception of light but no perception of colour. Only the red end of the spectrum behaved differently to M. Kunkel's eye; here then was always a perception of colour.

Action of Interrupted Currents on Muscle.—In a communication made to the *Archives de Physiologie*, 1874, p. 5, M. Ranvier states that he applied to the semi-tendinosus of the rabbit, which is a red muscle, for the period of one-seventh of a second, an induction current which was interrupted 357 times in the second. The muscle became tetanised, and its curve of contraction, taken by means of a myograph, showed only a single constant elevation. When the same stimulus was applied to the adductor longus muscle of the same animal, which is a white muscle, the curve presented as many crests as there were interruptions to the current. Even when the number of interruptions of the current was reduced to fifty-five in the second, the semi-tendinosus became permanently contracted (tetanus), while the adductor marked each interruption by a distinct contraction. This difference between the two muscles was as equally marked when the excitation was applied indirectly, as when it was applied directly, and it occurred also in curarised muscles. This difference of behaviour appears to result from a difference in the physiological properties of the two muscles. Ranvier has estimated the duration of the latent excitation myographically for the two muscles, and found that in the case of the pale muscle it amounts to one-eighty-third of a second, and for the red muscle one-eighteenth, and is therefore four times longer in the latter.

Phenomena of Life common to Animals and Plants.—Resuming our notice of M. Claude Bernard's lectures reported in the *Revue Scientifique*, we find an elaborate account of the process of development in the fowl's egg, of which we shall only mention a few particulars. The shell of the egg is permeable to air, and the egg respire during incubation, as the adult fowl does. The seed that sprouts and the egg that develops, both take oxygen from the air and give out carbonic acid. As the albumen and yolk matter are modified to form the tissues of the embryo, there is an absorption of oxygen, and a gradual loss of carbon, nitrogen, sulphur, and water, which are

exhaled. Before incubation a certain quantity of sugar is found in all eggs, the mean proportion being 3.70 grammes in 1,000 grammes of egg. The result of a series of observations showed that there was a gradual loss of sugar from the first to the tenth day of hatching, when the quantity was as low as 0.88 per 1,000. It then gradually rose again, till on the nineteenth day it was 2.05 grammes. Here we notice a consumption of sugar corresponding with the growth of the embryo, and likewise a power of forming fresh sugar by what M. Bernard calls the "glycogenic function," which is in operation from the birth to the death of the organism, whether it be animal or vegetable. As sugar is indispensable to the existence of the embryo, it might have been supposed that the egg would contain the quantity required for its evolution; but this would not conform to the physiological law, that the anatomical constituents of an organism compose their own nutriment by synthesis, and decompose it by a process of analysis. It is an error to regard digestion as merely a kind of dissolution which introduces alimentary matters into the blood. There is an active process by which digestible substances are decomposed, and their elements recombined so as to secure the blood being of nearly the same composition in carnivorous and herbivorous animals. With the embryo in the egg the destruction of the sugar may be considered as a result of respiration. M. Bernard regards the saccharine state as the ultimate phase of evolution of all the substances that serve for respiration. Chemists, he says, imagine that amylaceous and hydrocarbonous materials are fit for the combustion of respiration; but physiologists have shown that they pass to the state of glucose before ministering to vital actions. The physiological production of sugar results from the transformation of an amylaceous substance, glycogen, which is converted into sugar by taking up the elements of water—a purely chemical operation, accomplished under the influence of a ferment extensively distributed in the organism, and existing in the blood. Glycogen (closely resembling starch) has not yet been formed by purely chemical means, but is the result of a vital process. M. Bernard gives directions for proving that glycogen exists in egg, and for its examination. At the commencement of incubation, he tells us that if the germinal vesicle is treated with tincture of iodine acidulated with acetic acid, glycogen granulations and cells may be seen under the microscope coloured red. These cells multiply as the development proceeds, and small masses form along the vitelline veins, but not along the arteries. The granules of glycogen are found in the heart of the embryo, and at a later period diffused through all the tissues. As the development of the embryo approaches completion, this diffusion tends to cease, and the glycogen begins to appear in the liver, which, like the other glands, did not at first contain any. When the hatching time comes, the physiological division of labour is complete, and the liver is exclusively charged with the production of the glycogenic matter, which is essential to nutrition. In the embryo the formation of this substance is independent of the nervous system, and in the adult, nerve power is only connected with it through its action on the circulation. After giving many illustrations of the presence of glycogen in various animals, M. Bernard says:—

"If we examine the embryos of very young calves, not more than four centimetres long, we may watch the formation of muscular tissue. We see it composed of threads of embryonic cells which exhibit no traces of glycogen. A little later, when the embryo is three or four times as large, the histological elements begin to differentiate, and in the muscular sheath, filled with nuclei, we notice granulations of glycogen, which give the characteristic appearance with acetic acid and iodine."

The glycogen gradually dissolves as the muscular fibre becomes complete, and its striæ appear.

M. Bernard protests strongly against purely chemical theories of nutrition, involving a direct utilisation of aliments, or their modification by processes the French call *dédoublément*, a separation of a complex body into two simpler ones. He contends that by the action of a vital process, the elements of the food substances are separated and rearranged in new forms, so that there is not the distinction that has been supposed between animals and plants, the former being imagined to require complex aliments, and the latter to compound them from inorganic materials. He considers the proof of the opposite theory complete as regards amylaceous substances, and remarks, that although there is more difficulty in tracing similar actions with respect to nitrogenous and fatty matters, he is convinced they follow the same rule. The albumen of the blood, and the albuminoid substances in the tissues are not derived directly from the food, but the stomach probably transforms albumen into peptone—a product ill-determined and little known, but analogous to gelatine—and it is through the action of the organic cells that the albuminous and nitrogenous matters are formed by a fresh synthesis.

M. Bernard proceeds to trace the connexion between "embryonic evolution and reintegrative evolution." The cell and the egg, he observes, are constructed on the same type. The egg divides, segments, and engenders cells in infinite number. These phenomena of proliferation are at a maximum of activity in the embryo, but cell multiplication continues in the adult. In the development of organs their form precedes the details of their structure: at first all are similarly composed of embryonic cells. The researches of H. Müller and Ranvier show that neither cells nor tissues are directly transformed into other cells or tissues. When a cartilage, for example, is about to ossify, the cartilage cells disappear; embryonic cells reappear, and it is those that become osseous. The labours of Duhamel and Flourens have shown that a bone is developed at the expense of the internal layer of the periosteum, and M. Ollier has transplanted portions of periosteum with its inner layer of young cells to parts of the body in which there are no bones, and they have grown there and developed bone. Thus the elements of an organism have an individual life, with a certain independence of the position in which they may be placed. But this independence is limited, and in the case of the bone developed from the periosteum in an abnormal position, it is found that absorption occurs, and it disappears. We shall not follow M. Bernard through his exposition of the renewal of limbs, or parts that have been destroyed in animals, nor in a series of protests against dualistic theories that place animals and vegetables in opposition instead of recognising their vital unity. In each living thing, whether plant or animal, may be recognised

"phenomena of combustion, or disorganisation; phenomena of reduction, of synthesis or organisation; cellular or organic energies which control the manifestations. The phenomena of disorganisation, or combustion, are under the empire of physico-chemical forces, for the most part known. The phenomena of synthesis, or organisation, although subject to the general laws of chemistry, require the aid of a living organism, a germ, a cell. A theory of nutrition that does not embrace this side of the question is necessarily false and incomplete."

In another passage M. Bernard remarks that nutrition stops at the close of life, not because aliments are absent, but because the original nutritive impulse handed down from the primordial cell has exhausted its energy.

ONE of the most interesting plants figured in the last number of the *Botanical Magazine* is *Rheum officinale*, the species that furnishes the true medicinal rhubarb. It is called the true species, simply because it possesses the properties upon which the value of the drug depends in a more concentrated degree than any other, not because it is the only

one employed in medicine. But until recently the plant producing the rhubarb of commerce was unknown to botanists. It was obtained by the French missionaries in China, and Dr. Dabry, the French Consul at Hankow, sent plants of it to Paris in 1867. It flowered in 1871, and Baillon published a description of it in the *Adansonia*, vol. x. p. 246.

In the *American Journal of Science and Art* for November, Mr. Armsby gives the results of some experiments on the decay of nitrogenous organic substances. These experiments fully bear out the results obtained by Messrs. Lawes, Gilbert and Pugh (*Phil. Trans.* 1861, ii. p. 501), that during the decay of nitrogenous organic substances in presence of free oxygen, nitrogen may be evolved in large quantities in the free state. The method adopted was to allow organic matter containing a known amount of nitrogen, to decay under such conditions that all the ammonia given off could be collected and estimated, and at the end of the experiment to determine again the nitrogen.

WE have before us a specimen number of a new high-class German weekly paper devoted to the science and practice of agriculture, viticulture, and other branches of rural economy. Its title is *Oesterreichisches Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, edited by Dr. G. Krafft, assisted by a most formidable array of contributors. Judging from the specimen, it will rank with the best of its class in this country; and it certainly has a wide field of action before it. In the matter of agricultural colleges for the instruction and training of land stewards, foresters, &c., Austria has the advantage of us, but, as observed in the paper in question, the peasant farmers adhere to old customs and routine with the greatest obstinacy; and agriculture in many parts of the wide Empire-Kingdom is still in a very primitive state. Immense areas of land yield nothing, or less than half the crops intelligent management would bring. In original articles there is the first part of an apparently exhaustive history, &c., of the vine pest, *Phylloxera vastatrix*, illustrated by excellent woodcuts.

BARON F. MUELLER, the Government botanist of Victoria, has recently published some contributions to the phytography of the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands. The enumeration embraces about one hundred species, including a few new ones, and is based upon the collections of a Mr. Campbell. It is perhaps of more importance as suggesting what remains to be done, rather than for the novelty of its contents. A new scitamineous plant, *Guillenia novo-ebudica*, is an interesting addition to the flora, but we expected much that was new. The rich and peculiar vegetation of New Caledonia, the Sandwich and Fiji Islands, and other groups partially explored, promises a rich harvest for botanists in those yet unexplored. Now that the Government has finally taken the Fijis under its protection, we may look for further information.

AT the opening of the seventh winter session of the Eastbourne Natural History Society, the president, F. C. S. Roper, F.L.S., &c., read his address, and a paper on the Flora of Eastbourne as compared with that of West Kent and West Surrey. This society, although in its infancy, is in a flourishing condition, and numbers several distinguished members. Thanks to the zeal and perseverance of the president, the flora and fauna of the neighbourhood are undergoing strict and systematic investigation. A good rule has been made to include in future publications only such species as have been actually found or seen, and satisfactorily determined by members of the society. It is also proposed to extend the limits of the area under investigation, in order to make it correspond to Mr. Hemsley's Cuckmere district, and thus form a more easily defined contribution to a complete Flora of the county.

WE have received a paper by the Rev. W. Webster, entitled "Sur le Culte anté-chrétien de

la Madeleine à Tardets de Sarrance et de Bétharram," the purport of which is to show that traces of a worship of a Juno Lucina still survive in the Basque country. A Roman altar-inscription found at the chapel of Tardets proves that the site was already a holy one in pre-Christian days; and a genuine phallic-worship may be discovered not only in the conical rock of Sarrance, now dedicated to the Virgin, against which the peasant-women rub themselves in the hope of offspring, but still more in the so-called "Saint of Bidarray." This is a curiously-shaped stalagmite in a grotto near the summit of Mount Artza, which is held in great sanctity and visited by numerous pilgrims. A similar incrustation is found not far off on the Spanish side of the frontier, and goes under the name of "the Son," the one on Mount Artza being termed "the Father."

BASQUE philologists will hear with interest of an important discovery lately made by Mr. W. J. van Eys. The origin and character of the auxiliary verb in Basque has long been a vexata quaestio, but a small pamphlet which Mr. van Eys has just published, under the name of *Le Verbe auxiliaire Basque*, furnishes a solution of at any rate a part of the problem. A comparison of the Basque dialects makes it clear that the auxiliary which corresponds to "have" is nothing more than the Biscayan *erazo*, "to remove," a contracted form of *erazo-joan*, "to make go." The transition of meaning undergone by the verb reminds us of the use of the Italian *andare* in such phrases as *se va dicendo*. In the course of his investigation, Mr. van Eys explains the phonetic changes to which the Basque verb has been subject, and others besides Basque philologists will find material for reflection in the action of phonetic decay thus exemplified in the case of an agglutinative language.

THE first part of Mr. Hershon's *Pentateuch according to the Talmud* (i.e. Genesis), has appeared. It is not a commentary on passages of the Pentateuch, as some readers might imagine from the title of the book, the Talmud being in no sense a commentary on any book of the Bible; the Doctors quote biblical passages either for matter of *Halakhah* or *Agadah*; the collection of those quotations from Genesis is contained in Mr. Hershon's first volume. As for ourselves, we do not consider it of great value either for biblical students or for Rabbinical scholars. The latter miss the quotations from the Talmud of Jerusalem and from all *Midrashim*. As to the passages from the Talmud of Babylon which are contained in Mr. Hershon's book, we must regret that the compiler has simply copied them out of the last edition of Warsaw, which is not one of the best, without consulting the earlier editions of Venice and Amsterdam, and without paying any attention to the *variae lectiones* from the Munich MS. in course of publication by the distinguished Rabbi Raphael Nathan Rabinovitz. We hope that the second and following parts will be more complete, inasmuch as the gaps alluded to above could be filled up without great trouble by following the full indices of Talmudic passages referring to the Bible arranged by R. Aaron Pesaro in his *Toldoth Aaron*, and the supplement *Beth Aaron*, by Aaron ben Samuel; the former is to be found in most of the Rabbinical Bibles.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY (December 7).

SIR SIDNEY SMITH SAUNDERS, C.M.G., President, in the Chair. Lieutenant H. C. Harford, 90th Regiment, Charles C. Dupré, Esq., and Owen Wilson, Esq., were elected members; and Major Greenwood, Esq., a subscriber to the society.

Mr. E. A. Fitch exhibited some Oak Galls formed by insects of the genera *Dryocosmus* and *Aphidothrix*, of which descriptions had been published in a recent number of the *Entomologist's*

Monthly Magazine, together with three curious bud-galls, unknown, from Rayleigh, in Essex.

Mr. Champion exhibited a box of *Hemiptera* collected by Mr. J. J. Walker in different places near the Mediterranean.

Professor Westwood forwarded a letter he had received from Mr. Harris Stone, accompanying a sample of tea imported from Shanghai, infested by a small beetle, which proved to be *Pinus hololeucus*. Also, a letter from Professor Forel, of Lausanne, stating that the *Phylloxera vastatrix* had made its appearance among some vines at Pregny, in the Canton of Geneva, which had been introduced from England into the graperies of the Baron Rothschild, and that the *Phylloxera* had been discovered in two of his greenhouses, among vines planted in 1869, sufficiently distant from each other to render it improbable that the insect could have been communicated one from the other; and he therefore concluded that the disease had been introduced in 1869 from the graperies in England. He was anxious to ascertain whether the vines in the English graperies were less influenced than those out of doors; but none of the members present were aware of the occurrence of the insect out of doors, as it had hitherto appeared in greenhouses only.

Mr. C. O. Waterhouse communicated some 'Synonymical Notes on Longicorn Coleoptera.'

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Wednesday, December 16).

J. EVANS, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the Chair. In the Arenig and Llandeilo rocks of St. David's, described by Dr. Hicks at the last meeting, large numbers of graptolites have been found; and a collection of these fossils was described on the present occasion by Messrs. Hopkinson and Lapworth. The dendroid forms, which are especially numerous in the Lower Arenig series, were grouped together in a sub-order for which the name *Cladophora* was proposed. Certain changes of nomenclature were suggested, such as that of *Dictyonema* into *Dictyograptus*, and nearly twenty new species were described. Mr. H. F. Blanford, of Calcutta, read a paper "On the Age and Correlations of the Plant-bearing Series of India, and the former Existence of an Indo-Oceanic Continent." Perhaps the best development of this series is to be seen in the Rāniganj coal field, where it attains a thickness of more than 11,000 feet. At the base of the series is the Talchir group, followed by the Barākar beds, which contain a good deal of coal; these are succeeded by certain ironstone-shales, which in turn are overlain by the Rāniganj group, in which coal occurs, with well-preserved plant-remains; above this group are the Panchet beds, containing Labyrinthodonts and *Dicynodon*; whilst the series is completed by what are termed the Upper Sandstones. It appears well established that the upper zones of the plant-bearing series may be referred to the Uppermost Jurassic horizon, but the lower part of the series is by no means easily correlated with other beds of well-defined age; probably, however, it is either Permian or Triassic. It is notable that the base of the series is formed by a conglomerate which exhibits signs of glacial action, thus resembling the Permian breccias with ice-borne blocks described many years ago by Professor Ramsay. Evidence is thus found that glacial conditions must at one time have extended to so low a latitude as within 17° of the equator, and the author entered into a discussion of the probable causes to which glacial epochs were due. Bringing the plant-bearing series of India into correlation with somewhat similar beds in South Africa and Australia, Mr. Blanford argued that it was highly probable that in the Permian period India, Africa, and Australia were connected so as to form a great Indo-Oceanic Continent; and he agreed with Professor Huxley in supposing that the connexion between India and Africa was probably maintained until the Miocene age.

FINE ART.

Joh. Seb. Bach's *Passionsmusik nach dem Evangelisten Matthäus, mit ausgeführtem Accompagnement bearbeitet*. Von Robert Franz. (Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel, 1874.)

THE question of additional accompaniments in general, and of to what extent and under what circumstances it is justifiable and even expedient to add to, or in any way modify the works of the great masters, is one which has often been debated, and on which at the present time widely divergent opinions are entertained by musicians. Some maintain that the older masterpieces should, if presented at all, be given precisely as they are written, and look upon the slightest alteration as an impertinence, if not something worse. Others, again, allow themselves to take all kinds of liberties, not only with the dress in which the music is presented, but with the very ideas themselves; while a third class would take as a general axiom that anything is allowable which helps to bring out more clearly the original intentions of the composer, while everything that would deface and disfigure the same must be most carefully avoided. To the first named of these classes, while fully acknowledging the purity of the artistic feelings by which they are prompted, it may be replied that with many of the works of the older masters, especially Handel and Bach, the performance of what is printed in the score is in some cases impossible; and that even where it is practicable it does not and cannot (as will be seen presently) reproduce the full intentions of the author; and that as such music is too precious a legacy to be allowed to remain unheard, some alterations, and, at times, additions, must be made to fit it for performance. To those who would tamper with the text itself, and caricature great masterpieces with their own interpolations, no reply need be given. It would, besides, be useless to argue with them. This kind of "arrangement" is unfortunately only too common; nor are we without instances of it even in this country. The right principle of procedure is undoubtedly to add with discretion where addition is a necessity, while above and before all things respecting the composer's original intentions.

Probably the earliest examples of additional accompaniments are those which Mozart wrote in the last three years of his life to Handel's *Messiah*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Alexander's Feast*, and the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*. It should be stated here, for the information of those not familiar with the subject that the necessity for some addition to the scores of Handel and Bach arises from the fact that it was their custom (as it was that of their age), not to write out in full the parts for the organ and harpsichord, but simply to indicate the harmonies by what musicians call a "figured bass." As the composers mostly at the performances played these parts themselves, they would, of course, have no difficulty in supplying the necessary details; and even when they were not personally presiding, the art of playing from a "figured bass" was so general that whoever replaced them would

be able, at least approximately, to fulfil their intentions. But as the modern orchestra developed, and strings and wind acquired greater prominence, the organ and harpsichord were to a great degree supplanted, and the art of which we have spoken fell into desuetude. At the present day it would be a perilous thing to entrust even to a good organist the task of filling up the harmonies extempore in one of Handel's, or still more in one of Bach's scores; and as the effect of a performance of what in many cases would be the mere skeleton of the music, if the organ part or an equivalent for it were altogether left out, would be meagre in the extreme, it is obvious that some course must be taken to fill up in some way or other the often bare outline, if the works are to be made presentable at all. This is the legitimate province of additional accompaniments; the mere increase of noise by the introduction of brass and drums, which are often used, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, is in the majority of cases only an indication of bad taste. Precisely those musicians whose additions to the original have been most artistic—as, for instance, Ferdinand Hiller and Robert Franz—are also those who are the most sparing of the brass.

Since Mozart set the example, many have, with more or less success, followed in his steps. Of foreign composers Mendelssohn, Mosel, Hiller, and Franz may be named; while in this country Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the late George Perry and Vincent Novello, and Sir Michael Costa have all turned their attention to the re-scoring of Handel. Nobody, however, has devoted himself to the task so systematically and one might say "scientifically" as Robert Franz; and as one of the best as well as one of the most prominent workers on this part of the musical field, our readers may perhaps be interested to know something of the system on which he works, and the results he has achieved.

It is not very often that we get a glance into the secrets of an artist's workshop; but when this is vouchsafed to us, the glimpse is almost sure to be both interesting and instructive. In the present case we are not left to speculate on the process by which Franz obtained his masterly power of reproducing the missing portions of the old scores. In a pamphlet he published in 1871, entitled *Offener Brief an Eduard Hanslick; über Bearbeitungen älterer Tonwerke, namentlich Bach'scher und Händel'scher Vocalmusik* (Leipzig: F. E. C. Leuckart), he takes musicians into his confidence; and a short abstract of this pamphlet will best prepare for an examination of his score of Bach's great *Passion*, now lying before us.

He begins by saying that inclination, and perhaps also natural ability, led him to the study of Bach's and Handel's works; and that his post as conductor of the "Singakademie" at Halle gave him the opportunity of producing them. Of Handel, the only works accessible were those arranged by Mozart and Mosel; and we may remark, in passing, of the latter, that they are little better than pasticcios, as Mosel sometimes actually takes a movement out of one oratorio and inserts it into another! Bach's Cantatas

and Masses Franz only knew in the old and imperfect editions by Marx:—

"We performed the pieces," says he, "just as they lay before us, and imagined, simply enough, that the whole contents of the music were exhausted. True, the public sometimes opened its eyes when in a Bach Cantata a curious dialogue between flute and double-bass was played, or when the 'continuo' gave us the benefit of a long and sullen monologue—but such things did not trouble us further, but were set down to the account of the good old times, which we thought ourselves obliged to take as we found them."

The publications of the German Bach and Handel Societies, however, suddenly threw a new light on the subject. Here Franz found that the music bore a totally different aspect, especially in the case of Bach. Instead of the bare basses which he had met with in Marx's editions, he found the harmonies copiously figured—evidently, as he says, with some definite bearing on the way in which they were to be performed; so that it was plain that the mere outline which he had been in the habit of giving by no means reproduced the composer's ideas. His first method of dealing with the difficulty was a very simple one, and consisted merely in leaving out those movements which depended largely for their effect on a figured bass, and performing only those for which Bach had provided a tolerably full orchestration. He soon found, however, that this would not do; because most of the songs were in the former predicament, and by their wholesale omission, the connexion of the whole work was ruined, to say nothing of the fact that many of them were far too beautiful to be so ruthlessly rejected. He therefore resolved to try to complete the accompaniment. At first he experimented with simple chords; but this method again was unsuccessful. The harmonies, he says, fell as heavy as lead among Bach's parts, and besides could nowhere find a firm resting-place on his constantly moving basses; instead of supporting they only impeded the flow of the music. For a considerable time the task appeared to him impossible, and he deeply regretted the loss of many a fine song the accompaniment of which was only sketched. The sequel shall be told in his own words. He says:—

"One day, however, I went to work again, but this time with the intention of trying, for the sake of variety, the polyphonic method of harmonising. And lo! to my joyful surprise, everything suddenly became alive, the parts seemed only to have been waiting to be written down, and were evidently premeditated. I soon perceived that the sketches were no mere hasty outlines, but just as finished and complete as the movements which were written out in full. When the old masters wrote them down they conceived at the same time in their minds the web of harmony which was still wanting, and could dispense with it the more safely as they usually themselves undertook the accompaniment at the performance. The main task of the arranger must therefore be to arrive at the actual intentions of the authors, and to fashion his accompaniments accordingly; if the reconstruction must for obvious reasons be always problematical, still in many cases results may be realised which will not greatly differ from the intentions of the masters. Bach's figurings especially, often go into the minutest details—it required only a keen eye and a clever hand to be able confidently to reproduce his exact intentions. Nevertheless, the work is not everywhere so easy; many a time have I sat for whole days helpless

before a couple of bars, and know passages which it is hardly possible for our art-technique to solve satisfactorily."

Our author then proceeds to explain in more detail his method of procedure, both as regards the structure of the parts and the choice of instruments. Into this, however, we will not follow him here, as the subject can be better treated of in speaking of the score of the *Passion* itself, to which we will now draw our reader's attention.

Franz has prefixed to the work an introductory notice ("Vorbemerkung"), in which, after stating concisely the general necessity for some filling up of the figured bass, a point on which we have spoken above, he explains in some detail the plan he has pursued. In the score, all his additional parts are indicated by an F, and in other respects the original is faithfully reproduced. He has, however, added marks of expression throughout—in Bach's scores, they are for the most part "conspicuous by their absence"—and has also, where necessary, replaced obsolete instruments by their modern substitutes. Thus the air "Komm süßes Kreuz" has an *obbligato* for the *viola da gamba*. In giving this part to the violoncello some slight modifications were necessary, as on the older six-stringed instrument various chords could be played which on the violoncello with only four strings are quite impracticable. The needful changes, it should be added, are made with the utmost discretion. Again the old *oboi d'amore* and *oboi da caccia* are replaced by clarinets. These are certainly less accurate representatives of their predecessors than *corni inglese*; and Franz recommends that the latter should be used where they can be had. At the performance of the *Passion* last Easter under Mr. Barnby, the *corni inglese* were used with excellent effect.

Another point in which we think Franz has shown admirable judgment is his treatment of the numerous airs in which the first part, according to the very common custom of the last century, is repeated. This long *Da Capo* is to our modern taste in the large majority of cases extremely tedious; and therefore the arranger, while retaining the original indications, has in several numbers given a compressed repetition of the first part of the air, which can be used by those who prefer it, while those who wish to have Bach, the whole Bach, and nothing but Bach, can simply turn back and repeat the whole first portions of the songs just as they stand.

The additional instrumentation is mostly given either to stringed instruments or to the clarinets and bassoons. In those cases in which Bach's original parts are chiefly for the wind—as for example in the airs "Buss und Reu," with two flutes, and "Ich will Dir mein Herz schenken" with two oboes, the string quartet is employed to fill up the necessary harmonies, so as not to interfere too much with the original tone-colouring; while in those pieces in which Bach scored chiefly or entirely for strings, such as the songs "Erbarme dich, mein Gott," or "Gebet mir meinen Jesum wieder" clarinets and bassoons are used, both to contrast with the strings, and as a substitute for the organ tone, which latter on account

of its "stiff and unpliant quality," Franz dispenses with altogether except in the choruses and chorals.

With respect to the use of brass instruments and drums, which are altogether wanting in the original score, Franz considers that their absence may probably be accounted for by the fact that at the time Bach wrote these instruments were almost exclusively used in brilliant and joyous music. The editor has introduced them with the greatest reserve; and for the sake of those who may prefer to omit them altogether, has nowhere made them *obbligato*—that is, the harmony is always complete without them.

In the treatment of the plain recitatives (*recitativo secco*) Franz has not made use of the organ because of its unyielding quality of tone. He was not able to avail himself of the string quartet without violating Bach's obvious intention of confining its employment to accompanying the recitatives of our Lord. He has, therefore, had recourse to the piano, except in the case of a few of the more expressive passages, in which he has given the harmony to the clarinets and bassoons. His practice has been generally followed at recent performances of the work in this country, and those who expected that the use of the piano in sacred music would impart a secular tone to it, and be out of keeping with the character of the work, have been agreeably disappointed.

It is impossible, without the aid of musical quotations, to give more than a very general idea of what the additional parts are which Franz has added to the original score. In the choruses his work was, for the most part, tolerably easy. In many he has done nothing but add an organ part, while in others—as, for example, in the wonderfully fine chorus which concludes the first part, "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross" and the "Lass ihn kreuzigen"—he has reinforced the wind parts, because Bach designed his music for so small a number of performers, that, with the large force now employed in our orchestras, the passages for the wind would be nearly, if not quite, inaudible. A word of praise must be given to his very judicious introduction of trombones and drums in the great chorus, "Sind Blitze, sind Donner in Wolken verschwunden," at that stupendous burst on the words "Eröffne den feurigen Abgrund, O Hölle," as well as for the fine effect of the employment of horns and trombones, *piano* with muffled drums in the noble elegy, "Wir setzen uns mit Thränen nieder," with which the work concludes.

If in the choruses Franz's task was not particularly difficult, it was far otherwise in the airs. Of these there are at least three the accompaniment of which, as printed in the score, is little more than a mere sketch. These are the bass song (No. 29), "Gerne will ich mich bequemen," which contains only a two-part accompaniment for violins in unison and basses, the tenor air (No. 41), "Geduld," in which nothing but a figured "continuo" is given, and the air for alto (No. 61), "Können Thränen," accompanied in the same way as No. 29. Besides these there are detached passages, which similarly required filling up, to be met with in nearly

every song throughout the work. Of the manner in which Franz has acquitted himself of his task in these pieces it is impossible to speak too highly. Perhaps the most remarkable example is in the tenor song "Geduld." Here the string quartett, flutes, clarinets, and bassoons are added to the figured bass, and the additions are so ingeniously founded upon suggestions of the original, and developed with such masterly command of the polyphonic style, that it is hardly too much to say that the score as it appears in this edition might have been written by Bach himself. Scarcely inferior are the other songs to which reference has been made. The great merit of the whole is reverence for the composer's ideas; the arranger obtrudes himself so little that it is only by comparison with Bach's own score that one sees how much has been done.

In one place, and in one only, do we venture with diffidence to disagree with Franz's additions. This is in the recitative No. 73, describing the earthquake at the crucifixion. Here Bach has relied for his effect solely on the bold modulations of the music, his only accompaniment being the customary "continuo" with a *tremolo* for the basses. Franz has introduced the full orchestra. The *tremolos* for all the strings, with chords for the trombones, and a roll on the drums impart a somewhat theatrical character to the passage, which makes it sound strangely out of keeping with the context. It is so evidently unlike Bach's manner that the remarkable tact and good taste shown by Franz throughout the rest of the work only makes this one passage the more surprising by the contrast.

At the performances of the *Passion* in Germany these accompaniments are, we believe, generally if not invariably used. In this country, however, they have as yet only partially been employed. It might be an experiment worth trying at some future performance to give the work just as Franz has arranged it; the airs at least, in which we have been too much accustomed to the "dialogue between the voice and the bass," of which our author speaks, would certainly benefit by the process. The whole score is a most interesting study to the musical student, and may be especially recommended as a model to those who are about to write "additional accompaniments" to any works of the old masters. ERENEZER PROUT.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE PAINTINGS OF CAROLUS DURAN.

I HAVE already spoken of the painter Carolus Duran, à propos of the last Salon, to which he contributed a nude figure of a young girl standing in a meadow. He called it *Dew*. I had seen him sketching it the summer before at Fontainebleau, where he takes a country house for the season. He had had a cage built, entirely of glass, about 13 feet square, in the park under the trees, in which his model could undress without fear of catching cold, while he could see the human flesh in full light, and in its exact relations of colour with the leaves of the trees, the verdure of the grass-plots, and the flowers of the borders. The sketch was curious, but at the Salon the painting appeared to me to have been touched up under the grey light and in presence of the sombre backgrounds of the studio. It was wanting in those reflexions, and also in that energy, whether in

drawing or colouring, which are typical of the true artistic illusion of nature interpreted by art. This year he has again introduced some nude bathing-girls in a park, but he has profited by previous criticisms. I have seen the picture in his studio, and it appears to me as a figure-painting, and more especially as a landscape, very superior to *Dew*.

He had also in the Salon of 1874 the portrait of his daughter, a child about four years old, standing with a little pet dog by her side. The whole is treated in the style of a bold sketch, and is now to be seen at the Exhibition of which I am about to speak. Last was the portrait of M^{me}. de Pourtales, in full dress, sitting in an arm-chair. The face is quite that of one of the queens of fashion during the Empire. The hands, pale, long and slender, are worthy of Vandyke. The aristocratic bearing, the fastidious and somewhat weary expression of this portrait, beside the qualities of force and harmony of colouring, reconciled to M. Carolus Duran many a critic who, not without some reason, had previously accused him of wilfully exaggerating the *bourgeois* side of his models.

The year before he contributed a portrait of M. Hoschedé's son, dressed in a complete suit of blue, no doubt recollecting Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*. Also an elegant and pleasing portrait of M^{lle}. Croizette, an actress now belonging to the Théâtre-Français. It represents a young woman, pettish and handsome, riding on horseback like a princess. She was in the saddle on the sea-shore, a little dreamy, like a pretty woman who is not accustomed to wait, or to arrive first at the *rendez-vous*. The Parisians, many of whom have never seen the sea, and horsewomen but rarely, found this composition "eccentric." It was rather exotic. But for the old race of Parisians a journey to the Bois de Boulogne is almost as rare as one to Hyde Park.

This portrait was, however, for suppleness and grace, a visible advance on those in the Salon of 1872; the portrait of M^{me}. Maurice Richard (wife of the Fine Arts Minister who was in office during the few months of the Liberal Empire), a good simple lady of the middle class, in vigorous health, visibly satisfied with being rich, dressing well, having a greenhouse full of flowers. And that of a "Belgian Lady," sitting on a sofa of very bright-coloured silk, with reddish hair, pink and white and stout, like a nymph of Rubens. By a bold and ingenious artifice, Carolus Duran had opened behind the face, bright as a peony, a red fan. It was a violent tone, which gave harmony to all the rest. There was far less outcry against the rude force of painting, which crushed the whole school, now so feeble, enervated, and colourless, than against the type which was thought commonplace. Meanwhile the lady came to Paris, and the Parisians were enabled to judge that the painter had only brought out the indications of a Flemish nature, young, healthy, loyally worthy of the handsome types that Rubens and Jordaens have loyally celebrated. To my mind, this is the masterpiece of M. Duran. Here the very first sketch is to be seen, and the spectator will be unable to avoid admiring the sincerity with which the artist has seized, at the first stroke of the brush, all the originality of race, all the typical perfection, all the amiability and simple goodness of the lady who was sitting to him for her portrait. After the Salon of 1872 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

He had previously brought himself into notice by a very sensuous portrait of the wife of one of our novelists, M^{me}. Ernest Feydeau, who died about a year ago. He had in some sort made his *début*—for his earlier contributions were those of a young man still in search of his special line—by the portrait of his own wife, standing, dressed in black, with a red flower in her bosom, returning home, and drawing off her pearl-grey gloves, one of which has already fallen to the ground. Nothing can be more elegant, more feminine, and,

above all, more modern. The face is intellectual, and the costume exquisitely tasteful. It may be added that M^{me}. Carolus Duran is an artist herself. She has often sent to various salons miniatures and crayons, treated with remarkable freedom of touch. Here let us note that Carolus Duran models in clay with success. He exhibited a bust of his wife, cast in bronze, original and life-like. It is good "painter's sculpture," whereby I mean that it seeks to represent the movement of the skin and the effect of the hair and accessories by means of thumb-strokes, which sculptors only tolerate in rough casts.

He is an agreeable man with a fine tenor voice. He stops short in the midst of his work as soon as he feels tired, takes a guitar, and hums Spanish airs, accompanying himself in a style that would bring to the balcony all the pretty girls in Granada or Seville. Just at present he has a passion for fencing. He practises every morning for several hours. In the street his cane, in the studio his brush or his maul-stick, rehearse without interruption thrusts in tierce or thrusts in quart. At the Exhibition, to which I am coming at last, may be seen the full-length portrait of his fencing-master, provost of a famous Paris fencing gallery, M. Vigeant. Carolus is of average height. He has black hair and beard, which have a fine effect on his somewhat Bohemian type of face. His age is a mystery, and he maintains the most extraordinary reserve on the subject. He appears to me to be more than thirty and less than forty. I do not think I can wound his vanity so long as I remain within these vague limits.

Carolus Duran was born at Lille. He was the pupil of an old pupil of David, unknown to the majority of Frenchmen, who, however, had already formed Jeauron, and who directed the most artistic of our contemporary sculptors, Carpeaux. He was called Souchon—a name that must be treasured up and saved from the injustice of oblivion. Carolus Duran (who, I believe, is really called Charles Durand, but the dropping of the final *d* rendered his name more romantic when he came to Paris), gained a prize at the School of Fine Arts at Lille, which furnished him with the means of studying in Italy for three years. He availed himself of his opportunity. He likewise visited Spain, and you see at this exhibition a good copy which he executed at Madrid of Velasquez' *El Escrivano*; a dwarf, in a black dress, with his hat on his head, sitting on the grass, and turning over the leaves of a large book with a stern and intellectual look, and having an inkstand by his side. Such are the works which should have been bought in former days for the "Musée des Copies." Nothing can equal these studies executed by painters for themselves during the earnest and laborious years of youth.

Carolus Duran is not only a pupil of Souchon—who seems to have been a commonplace painter, but who was most assuredly an energetic teacher—and a pupil of Italy. He owes to their instruction some great compositions, among others, *L'Assassiné*, a tragic scene taken in the Roman Campagna or the Abruzzi, and now in the Lille Museum. But he likewise underwent, about 1860, the influence of Courbet. It is undoubtedly to this master that he owes the decision which he imparts to his portraits. Courbet, as you know, had the capacity of his brain been in proportion to the accuracy of his eye and the firmness of his hand in painting, would have caused a radical revolution in our school. I am indebted for the remark to the lips of Delacroix himself. He would have upset all romanticism and Academy, even as David, eighty years before, had cut off the tail of the school of the eighteenth century. The works of his youth, an *After Dinner*, a *Funeral at Ornavas* especially, are works of capital importance in the history of our school, which, unfortunately, were not continued or developed, and which, after having served as a butt to the feelings of disgust and of rage of the *bourgeois* reaction, are now too much forgotten. But

the frank and audacious doctrine of these works, so sincere in their modernness, was not sufficiently explained and practised. Its pupils became neither apostles nor martyrs. Only within the last few years have we seen some of its seeds ripen which had fallen upon good ground. Courbet as a revolutionary was incomplete. He upset, but he did not rebuild. Perhaps this is the mysterious law of the dark times through which we are passing.

The Exhibition which is the subject of the present letter is arranged in the hall of the "Cercle de l'Union Artistique," in the Place Vendôme. The room is large and not well lighted, a very sensible inconvenience at this time of year. There are thirty-seven portraits, studies, sketches, and landscapes, all hitherto unexhibited, except the child with the red scarf mentioned above. Among the subjects handled with a vigour of unpremeditated science for which we must give our young master great credit, there are the portraits of M. Jules Claretie, full face, with a smile suggestive of that sweetness and brightness of intellect with which his works are so lavishly adorned; M. de Lesclapart, a Legitimist writer, with a remarkably firm and sincere expression; Falguieres, an excellent sculptor, of a melancholy type of face; the profile of the present writer, which is said to be a very good likeness, and which was painted one morning in the course of conversation in less than three hours; Hars, a picture-dealer, with light brown hair, long red whiskers, and a mottled red and white complexion, like that of the sons of Albion who win prizes at steeple-chases; the Count d'Hennecourt, a vigorous half-length of a French officer, young and well dressed, in a frockcoat closely buttoned up, with a cigar in his mouth, his hat on his head, and the fair complexion of our Norman countrymen.

There are also some female portraits. But women do not understand sketches. They attach great importance, and very rightly, to those skilful combinations of dress to which they have recourse for the purpose of enhancing their beauty, concealing their age, eclipsing their rivals, and leaving to posterity a triumphant proof of the most pleasing fiction. They pose but ill, and cannot be restrained from giving advice as to the dimensions of their mouth and eyes. Carolus triumphs skilfully over all these difficulties. He is in fashion and deserves to be. He has no works here so exceptional as those in the last Salon, at least, so far as full-lengths are concerned. His half-length portrait of Mme. d'Hennecourt represents a touching and graceful countenance. I may note also a little girl sitting on a chair, tired of her toys, which litter the carpet.

His landscape studies are bright and accurate. Two or three sketches—*Victory*, a plain strewn with the corpses of soldiers foully mutilated by battle; and *The Temptation of St. Theresa*, a group of nude women, which would be more suitable in a *Temptation of St. Antony*—give a promise of good pictures, being well composed, and presenting beautifully graduated keys of colour.

But where M. Carolus Duran wins all suffrages—for the fact must not be concealed that he has a great number of enemies: the pupils of the Academy, who find him too realistic; the realists, who regard him as a renegade; the fastidious, who reproach him for too strongly insisting on costume masculine or feminine; the lovers of the dreamy in art, who find his colouring too strong and his touch too frank—however, where he wins all suffrages is in three sketches of his children. These are undoubtedly worthy of the Spanish school. They represent his little girls at the age of four or five months, with black round eyes fully open to the light, with mouths as purple as a cherry freshly plucked from the tree, with wisps of hair peeping out from under a little white cap, red and white faces puffed out and throbbing with that surprising strength peculiar to a child with a good constitution and good health. In one of these sketches, *Bébé s'amuse*, the lovely little creature is sitting at a table; she

is leaning forward, laughing, screaming, stretching out her dumpy arms and dimpled hands towards a parrot which is making havoc of some biscuits in a dish. The delicious *gaucherie* of early infancy, the energy of mirth, the bloom of health, the glow which animates the chubby face, and gives a vague foretaste of the indomitable caprices of the future woman, have been felt and are rendered with masterly breadth. If I am not deceived, it is in these observations of nature, full at once of homeliness and of majesty, that those who are true artists are revealed. Such is modern art—that is, high art unceasingly renewing its youth. In any case such are what are styled good pictures in public galleries and the collections of enlightened amateurs.

PH. BURTY.

NOTES AND NEWS.

M. RAJON is certainly one of the masters of modern etching, and his reproduction on a scale that is amply large of Mr. Watts's portrait of John Stuart Mill is one of the most noteworthy of his works as a copyist at once faithful and intelligent. As far as we can remember the original portrait, nothing of its character is lost, while the etcher has legitimately brought into his work some artistic quality lacking even in the admirable work of Mr. Watts. Rajon is an etcher of the most varied skill. Though always, or nearly always, a copyist, he identifies himself, so to say, with the artist he is reproducing, as an actor with the character he is playing. He is of seemingly inexhaustible resource: not less at home when translating the subtleties of expression in a portrait by Watts than when translating the atmospheric effects due in the first place to the genius of De Hooghe. By the side of Jacquemart and Léopold Flameng he worthily takes his place, for he is more various than either of these, and only a little less perfect.

PROFESSOR CURTIUS, the historian of Greece, has just contributed to the Academy of Science in Berlin a long paper on the armorial devices of the ancient Greeks, showing how they came originally from Assyria, and were modified by the artistic sense of the Greeks. One has only to look at the now very rich collection of early engraved gems from the Greek Islands in the British Museum, to see how strongly with their constant choice of animal forms—mostly quadrupeds—they suggest Oriental influence. So far the evidence is elaborate and carefully presented by Professor Curtius, but on proceeding to speak of artistic style in ancient heraldry, he leaves at least one possible and certainly very plausible argument unanswered. He attributes it to artistic taste when the ancient (heraldic) gem engraver placed, say, two rampant lions, the exact counterpart of each other, confronting. But he forgets that the intention may very well have been to produce a seal which could be cut exactly in two, as has been the custom in more recent times, one-half to be confided to the person carrying a sealed despatch and the other half retained by the sender. What he calls the dualism in ancient heraldry would thus be traced to a utilitarian rather than an artistic sense. From a dualism, he says, the ancients proceeded to a trias—that is, a third element was introduced into the design in the form of an upright line, pillar, branch, or other object between the confronting animals. But here again nothing is easier than to suppose that this middle object served no other purpose than to mark more distinctly the line where the seal was to be cut in two.

THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* is an expensive (8 francs) but by no means a super-excellent number this month. With the exception of a short notice, with a portrait, of A. J. Desenne, a clever designer of vignettes, who died in 1827, and M. Clément de Ris' third and last article on the Stockholm Museum, the whole of the number is devoted to exhibitions and to art as applied to in-

dustry. 1. We have an article by M. A. Darcel on the Exposition of Religious Art at Lille, of which Mr. J. W. Weale gave an account in the *ACADEMY* of July 11. 2. On the Exhibition of National Manufactures, by Albert Jacquemart, dealing especially with the Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries. 3. On the Union Centrale in respect to its exhibition of metal work. 4. A second article on the Library of the Union Centrale, profusely illustrated with engravings from M. Texier's *Monuments Modernes de la Perse*. And 5. "Considerations on Costume," by Charles Blanc, à propos of the recent costume exhibition. This is really too much of industry for a Fine Art review. The *Gazette* has always maintained a high character by its valuable contributions to art literature, but it will scarcely be able to retain it if it continues to accord as much space as it has done all this year to exhibitions and art industries. A review of some of the new illustrated books and the usual bibliography of works on art published in France and other countries during the past half-year, fill up the number. This bibliography is, as usual, very imperfect. Only six English books are mentioned, and not one German, yet several important works have been published both in England and Germany during this period. It is quite absurd under such circumstances to call this inadequate list a "Bibliographie des Ouvrages publiés en France et à l'Etranger." Such a title only serves to mislead.

WE hear that M. Emile Olivier, the ex-minister of Napoleon III., is employing his leisure in the study of art. He has been residing for some time in Rome, and it is understood that he is preparing a work on the Sistine Chapel.

THE price of the catalogues of all departments of the Louvre has been lowered one-third since December 1. This is well, for one used to have to spend quite a small fortune in acquiring the Louvre library of catalogues.

DEMOLITION under the name of restoration seems to be carried on at least as much in France as in England. A great outcry is at present being raised by all archaeologists and veneration of old Gothic work in France, concerning the so-called restorations at the beautiful Norman cathedral of Evreux. It appears that the restoring architect has already destroyed a portion of the thirteenth century nave, and positively proposes to pull down the remainder in order to rebuild it in a different style. Considering that modern architecture at best can only present us with a feeble and lifeless imitation of ancient work, it is surprising that any architect dare venture to destroy monuments in which the life and thought of past ages still beats.

FRANCE seems to have become really alarmed of late lest she should lose her long-continued supremacy in matters of art and taste. The Union Centrale has been making vigorous efforts to arrest the decline in the national art industries that is already making itself perceptible; and now M. de Chennevières, in a report to the Minister of Public Instruction, expresses considerable fear lest foreign nations, with larger resources at their command, should end by developing their art manufactures to a greater extent than France. The French school, after the losses it has undergone, has "pressing need," he considers, of "being excited and regenerated by the solicitude and foresight of the Administration;" and especially the schools of design need the best possible organisation, for on them will depend to a great extent the future of the arts in France. But what is to be done? he asks in moving accents—"Que faire, Monsieur le Ministre?"—when the budget provides nothing, or next to nothing, to avert this menacing crisis; and the National Assembly, although it recognises the danger, finds it impossible to augment its supplies by a sufficient measure.

In this extremity a brilliant idea has suggested itself to M. le Directeur's mind. It is that an exhibition shall be opened in Paris of all the "inestimable marvels of Art contained in the various

museums of the departments." In these museums there are many valuable works by old masters that are to a certain extent rendered useless for purposes of instruction and gratification by reason of their difficulty of access. The new official inventory of the riches of art in France enumerates as many as 600 to 700 pictures of the first order that are scattered among the provincial towns.

The gathering of all these together in one grand exhibition will certainly make a goodly show and have a great interest for lovers of art. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be devoted to the benefit of the schools of design. This is the way M. de Chennevières proposes to supply the deficiencies of the budget and re-establish the supremacy of France.

M. de Cumont, the Minister of Public Instruction, has, in furtherance of this project, addressed a letter to all the maires of France, asking for their co-operation, and the Union Centrale has charged itself with preparing a suitable place for the exhibition.

THE sale last week at Christie's consisted of the decorative property of Mr. Benjamin, the late well-known dealer. It occupied four days. Among the objects sold were:—Lot (83) statuette of a Bacchante, 21 inches high, of carved ivory, 53*l.* 11*s.*; (100 and 101) a pair of groups, carved in ivory and wood, of *Hercules and Omphale* and *Saturn and Venus*, 108*l.*; (110) *Milo rending the Oak*, bronze, 20 guineas; (195 and 196) pair of tulip-wood cabinets, with Sèvres plaques, 195*l.*; (161) gilt clock, *Cupid and Psyche*, 91*l.* 7*s.*; (172) Zincke, miniature of gentleman in blue coat, 25 guineas; (192) tortoiseshell box, with enamelled portraits of Louis XV. and a Lady, by Petitot, 57*l.* 10*s.*; (295) pair of bronzes, *Roman Warriors*, 100 guineas; (329) commode, with mosaic plaques, and wreath of flowers in pietra dura, 160*l.*; (392) toilet glass, with frame of chased silver enriched with lapis lazuli, 141*l.*; (491 and 492) pair of red buhl cabinets, 64*l.*; (498) black cabinet with inlaid marbles, 44*l.* 2*s.*; (536) pair of Chinese enamel vases, 41 guineas; (589) set of twelve equestrian portraits of the Caesars, Limoges enamel, by J. Laudin, 75*l.*; (595) portrait of William IV., enamel, by Bone, 19 guineas; (580) pair of Dresden enamel cups, 30 guineas; (616) chased ormolu casket, inlaid with blue and white Wedgwood medallions, 29*l.* 10*s.*; (617) pair of Vernis Martin vases, 13*l.*; (636) Goojerat casket, engraved with ornaments and inlaid with gold, 21 guineas; (637) Gothic chaise, with figures of saints in niches, 29*l.*

THE Russian papers announce the death of the distinguished Russian architect Jean Ivanovitch Gornostaiëw.

WE regret to learn from the *Times* that Hogarth's picture of *Strolling Actors in a Barn* was destroyed in the fire at Littleton House, near Staines, on the 18th instant. The painter's receipt for the purchase-money was attached to it, showing that it was painted for Mr. Wood, of Littleton, in 1741 for twenty-five guineas. It is stated to have been insured for 1,000*l.*

THE STAGE.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

SCHLEGEL, in his Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, chose to consider *The Merry Wives of Windsor* along with the historical plays of Shakspeare, instead of with his comedies. He did so nominally, because it was better to consider the character of Falstaff as a whole—in *Henry the Fourth* and in *The Merry Wives* together—but really, I suppose, because he held that *The Merry Wives* existed only for the sake of Falstaff: that in Falstaff was the beginning and the end of its interest. Not indeed that the further development of Falstaff, by his creator, in *The Merry Wives*, suggested to the German critic any observations very new or profound. The German

critic allowed himself, here as elsewhere, to say many things that lay quite on the surface, as it seems to us nowadays, and for this apparent slightness of his there may be pleaded at least a couple of reasons—the first, that he wrote in the beginnings of criticism, and the second, that he wrote for Germans before the Germans had learned to know Shakspeare. But be the slightness what it will here and there, the critic's utterances can never be wholly disregarded, and there is some interest in noticing how entirely Schlegel seemed possessed with the belief that the *The Merry Wives* had little in it beyond the character of Falstaff.

Nor has this judgment on the piece been generally reversed in our day. *The Merry Wives* is not a popular favourite, and critics writing and talking in the present week have spoken of its fun as burlesque, and have condemned it with the phrase that much of it would have been hissed off the stage to-day, if Burnand—not Shakspeare—had written it. The tradition is that it was composed within a fortnight—composed to order—Queen Elizabeth desiring (and everybody has heard the story), that Falstaff should be presented as in love. This generally accepted tradition, and the unusual quantity of mere word-play in the piece, afford objectors such foundation as they have for their objections; but one reason, we suspect, why it fails of popularity just now (and has, for the matter of that, failed any time these hundred years), is that much of its humour is directed at passing manners, which we have never found ridiculous just because we have never come across them. Perhaps in a certain sense, if so rough and ready a term may be allowed, it is an un-Shaksperian comedy—at least upon the surface of it—and some confirmation of such a conjecture as that may be admitted to be found in the very frequent exclamations one heard at the Gaiety, of "That's not in Shakspeare!" "That's a gag" (an added thing); whereas, as I took the trouble to observe, there was not one of these passages exclaimed against in indignant whispers among my neighbours, but was Shakspeare's own.

Here then, perhaps more than elsewhere as a whole, has Shakspeare descended to our common talk. Here, as only in one or two others of his plays, has he followed in the way of such of his contemporaries as drew from just the common life about them all their inspiration. Something of the relation that melodrama bears to tragedy, this piece bears to the poetical comedy which we are wont, in Shakspeare's work, to love the most. Here the higher imagination did not come, or came but fitfully at the call of a fortnight's notice—if we accept that tale. In place of inventive wit, we have keenness of observation; and in place of ideal character, a few eccentric types (Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius say) marked with one knows what a sure hand. We have a well-knit story: a story to the plot of which justice is hardly done by those who omit to notice in the intercourse of Falstaff with Ford as the jealous Brook, its almost exceptional neatness and ingenuity. We have, beneath the surface, surely, after all, the unerring truth; but on the surface the caricature of manners of the day: foibles some of which are gone (to be succeeded by others no better), usages we do not recognise: types we have forgotten: a fat knight, who with increasing age loves women still and wine, but has a slacker stream of humour, though just the old readiness of resource: a cluster of foul-mouthed retainers: a foul-mouthed host who breaks once or twice into hasty poetry (as in his description of Fenton, with his "eyes of youth"): good women enough, like Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, but from whom no secrets of men's vices are hid: and across this picture of besotted tavern life, rude jesting, and failing lechery, there passes, like a gleam of purer light, the tender figure of Anne Page, which is "pretty virginity," which "has brown hair and speaks soft, like a woman."

It is Master Slender, we all know, who, in that

phrase, qualifies her—Slender, who is not given to discriminate at all: who loves her only "as any woman in Gloucestershire," and who, if he loved her more exclusively, would nevertheless break down in the description of her, for he is not strong at definition; thinking, you remember, that he has told you something you did not know before when he has said of bears, that women cannot abide 'em, "they are very ill-favoured, rough things." The vague description of Anne Page accords exactly with her place, and that of her pure loves, in the story. Sweet, but shadowy, her place is a small one: behind the bustle of Falstaff and the Merry Wives she is well-nigh hidden.

The acting at the Gaiety, though far indeed from being at any point absurdly bad, is not generally of a kind to add at all to what attractions the play has. Whatever the traditions of the part may be, and whatever the lack of vigour in the actress, I find no very grave fault with Miss Furtado as Anne Page. Her grace and the absence of strong individuality alike suit the character. Miss Rose Leclercq, who appears as Mrs. Ford, is not indeed by any means an accomplished actress of Shakspeare, but she does not offend, and she has ease and a certain geniality and gentleness which contrast not badly with Mrs. Wood's inventive spirit, rapidity, and self-reliance. It is always Mrs. Page who takes the initiative, and Mrs. Wood, who represents her, is clearly unaccustomed to be second; but Mrs. Wood's manner, though lively and active, is not very varied, and in the rather long speech in which Mrs. Page proposes the third plan for the humiliation of the Knight there is a wearisome and inexpressive sameness of gesture. Still, in recollection of the general liveliness, we would not insist too much on this detail. As Dame Quickly, Mrs. Leigh delivers her words intelligently and with sign of experience; but she labours, as before, under the disadvantage of a stage-appearance which in its want of mobility is curiously inexpressive.

The part best acted, but not—let us remember, the most difficult part to act—is that of Mr. Ford, by Mr. Hermann Vezin. He is most excellent after his first scene with Falstaff. He shows us well that Mr. Ford is not merely an incarnation of jealousy. He is other indeed than a *bourgeois* Othello. He is a determined man, anxiously suspicious; not alive to what there may be that is ridiculous in the open show of his jealousy; but yet not merely jealous—ready to laugh heartily at Page, who has laughed at him: ready to laugh or act in anything, as the occasion may require. Page is a smaller figure, played genially enough by Mr. Belford. Fenton is represented with care and good discretion by Mr. Forbes Robertson, who failed nevertheless to realise for us at once the description of the host:—

"he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth . . . he smells April and May."

Mr. Arthur Cecil and Mr. Righton represent respectively the two grotesques, Caius and Sir Hugh Evans. The first is satisfactory; the second to be found fault with only on the score that he is not quite as funny as might have been expected. Mildness and complacency mark the Hugh Evans of Mr. Righton, and though one who has noted with extreme satisfaction the brilliant characterisation and individuality in Mr. Righton's lawyer of the *Two Roses*, in his Jew of *Creatures of Impulse*, and lastly in his Verges, looked not unnaturally for a rather more marked performance than this of Sir Hugh Evans. Mr. Righton is probably doing well in restraining himself as the eccentric parson, who was after all a man of sober life and quiet ways, since it is he who sententiously points the moral of the play:—

"Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinæ you."

Mr. Taylor is Slender, and one that will pass, and Mr. Maclean is Shallow. The last word is

for Falstaff—Mr. Phelps. His performance does not bring before us the Falstaff of our fancy. There is a certain dry humour about him, but he appears to be unmoved by it, and to be content that the audience shall notice it, as in the gesture that accompanied his gift to Dame Quickly of his empty purse. This suits the older high-life comedies better than it suits the humane genius of Shakspeare. We know, of course, that Falstaff in the *Merry Wives* is not so prosperous a fellow as once he was. He should nevertheless be genial, for reverses do not crush out and extinguish a temperament, though they may modify it and tone down its expression. This, to my thinking, is too lonely a Falstaff. His happiness is to quaff liquor, but to quaff it alone. There is nothing social in this man's pleasure. There is no unction in the man. It is only physically that he is the "greasy knight"—one doubts that, even—it is only physically that he is "a man of continual dissolution and thaw." But, saying all this—and taking special exception, as I do take, to the dry, monotonous, and lecturing way in which Mr. Phelps, in his second scene with Ford, tells all about his adventures in the buck basket—one must say also, though those who have experience of Mr. Phelps know it already, that no point is missed from want of care or want of judgment; that every sentence is planted deep in the man who is to hear it; that every action has its reason and significance. For Mr. Phelps, the choice of Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives*, was nevertheless not a wise one. He can play the character, of course, but with the comprehension born of study and pains: never enlivened, that I see, by sympathy.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

WE hear that Mr. Robert Buchanan has completed a new poetical comedy, and that the principal part in it is destined for Miss Isabel Bateman.

WHEN the Vaudeville re-opens, this Saturday evening, after a week's closing, the performance of *Two Roses* will be resumed, but shortly after the Christmas holidays a new comedy by Mr. Henry J. Byron will be produced, to take the place of Mr. Albery's most popular piece.

It is said that Miss Litton will soon give up the management of the Court Theatre, and that the house will afterwards be under the direction of Mr. Hare, late of the Prince of Wales's, and that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will then make their first appearance at the Court.

MR. ALBERY'S next piece will be a romantic comedy in five acts. It will be produced before long at the Olympic Theatre, where it will succeed *The Two Orphans*.

THE St. James's Theatre closed last week, very suddenly.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD was first in the field with a new pantomime this season. It is called *Cinderella*, and was brought out at the Holborn Amphitheatre, whither a part of the Gaiety Company has been drafted. The efforts of Miss Loseby and Miss Katrine Monroe are supported by many wonderful performers less purely artistic. Their feats, like comic annuals, please at Christmas-time. An adaptation by Herr Meyer Lutz of music of Rossini's was given by a well-chosen orchestra.

MDME. PASCA—a well-known actress whom the Russians praise perhaps too highly—has been playing at the Théâtre Michel, in St. Petersburg, Croizette's famous part in the *Sphinx* of Octave Feuillet.

M. SARCEY contributes to *Le Théâtre* the first part of a paper on M. Got, who has now for some years been the leading comedian at the Théâtre Français. The paper is more anecdotal than critical, but it narrates that Got's first marked success was won in 1848, on a night when

Paris was astir with Revolution. The piece was Alfred de Musset's *Il ne faut jurer de rien*. Soon afterwards Got became acquainted with M. Emile Augier, and the acquaintance resulted in the more or less unconscious fashioning of some of Augier's pieces in accordance with the talent and temperament of Got. In those early days of his, Got offended Charles Maurice—a notable critic of that time: a very Sarcey for vigour and plain speaking—and Maurice attacked him in his criticisms. Got was too sensible to attribute the fault-finding to mere personal spite. "He always finds out my weak points," said Got, "and I am open to correction. His are the only criticisms which I read."

It is announced that after January 1 no French piece will be allowed to be acted in Alsace and Lorraine.

La Boule—the last success at the Palais Royal—has just been received enthusiastically at Brussels.

CADOL, the author of *Les Inutiles*—a success which has not been followed by a second—has written for the Théâtre Lyrique Dramatique a drama called *La Famille*.

ON Monday, Racine's birth was duly celebrated at the Français and at the Odéon. The Français gave *Phèdre* and *Les Plaideurs*. In *Phèdre* Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt acted for the first time the title rôle.

M. BALLANDE, at his Matinées in Paris, has had the courage to produce a new work, and it is not the first time that in doing so he has given beginners a hearing. M. Courcier was on this occasion the fortunate author, and his piece is a comedy, in five acts, called *Une Famille* in 1870. The first three acts exhibit at somewhat wearisome length, though with not a little of keen observation, the life led by a very commonplace bourgeois family before the trouble of the war. Monsieur has known how to make a fortune, but not how to govern his house. Madame is dominant, and is ambitious; the daughter flirts with a young cousin until an old nobleman proposes to her; and the son spends his father's money with great good nature and freedom. The fourth act portrays for us some of the sufferings of the siege—exposes to view a still open wound. For this theme the time has hardly come: at all events it is too early for its realistic treatment. The fifth act dwells not on the incidents of the war, but on the sentiment it has produced, and thus the right note is struck for the first time, and the piece closes with the recall of the *dramatis personæ* to duties too much forgotten. The piece bears, in this way, some little likeness to *Jean de Thommeray*; and like *Jean de Thommeray* it has been founded upon a novel.

M. EMILE ZOLA has published in a volume his comedy of the *Héritiers Rabourdin*, which, when it was acted, was badly received alike by public and critics. He is the author of several stories which have merit, but have not deserved a very high success. He complains, in his preface to his comedy, of the treatment he received from his critics, but he is reminded by the severest of them that he must not attribute to ill-will the adverse judgment that was pronounced. When it is part of a man's profession to go to the theatre and write about it, he will probably be thankful to the dramatist who can give him something pleasant to write about. And the critic, indeed, it is true, is the last person who should omit to welcome anything that is interesting. "Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez," said the wise old abbé to the king who couldn't play Whist. And what a weary time of theatre-going does the critic prepare for himself, when by having barred the way to works of new merit he ensconces himself in perpetual companionship with the accepted dullness and incapacity.

AN excellent English translation of Mosenthal's drama of *Isabella Orsini* has been quite recently published at Braumüller's, in Vienna. *Isabella Orsini* is one of the happiest efforts of the author of the well-known *Deborah*, and has been performed many times at the Vienna Burgtheater, and almost all the other German theatres. As one of the translator's, Professor Dr. E. Vincent's, adaptations has already been produced in England with success, it is to be supposed his latest work will find its way to our stage.

THE principal theatres in Paris number forty-two, containing altogether accommodation for 57,080 persons. The Cirque d'Hiver will seat the largest audience (4,000); next in importance comes the Châtelet Theatre with 3,600 seats; then follows the Théâtre du Château d'Eau with 2,000; the Gaité and Ambigu, each with 1,900; the Porte St.-Martin, the Grand Théâtre Parisien, the Théâtre Lyrique and the Opéra Comique, each with 1,800; the Italian Opera and the Odéon, each with 1,700; the Théâtre Français and the Variétés, each with 1,400 places, &c., &c. The buildings holding the smallest audiences are the Salle St. Laurent and the Salle des Familles, each with 450 seats. The new Opera House has space for 2,400 persons.

MUSIC.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—SCHUBERT'S OCTETT.

FEW works have ever sprung more rapidly into popularity than Schubert's octett for stringed and wind instruments. Produced in this country for the first time on March 4, 1867, at the Monday Popular Concerts, it has since been so frequently repeated there that last Saturday's was its twelfth performance. Mr. Chappell seems to have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of the work; for, excepting the performance at the Crystal Palace, to which I shall return presently, I am not aware that up to the present time it has been heard at any other concerts in this country. The reasons for this are probably to be found in the work itself. True it is a great favourite, and deservedly so, at St. James's Hall; but it is not everywhere that eight *virtuosi* can be found for their respective instruments; and this octett requires the finest and most finished playing to bring out its beauties. In none of his compositions is Schubert's overflowing wealth of melody more remarkable; some of the themes, such as the second subject of the first *allegro*, and all the subjects of the *andante*, are equal in charm to anything that can be found in his songs. The octett has not the tragic force and grandeur of the great quartett in D minor, nor the romantic beauty of B minor symphony; but it is just pure Schubert in his genial and most joyous frame of mind. There is hardly (a rare thing, by the way, with this composer) a tinge of sadness to be found throughout the music; but one delightful melody follows another, as if spontaneously, carrying the hearer irresistibly along. As regards its thematic treatment, the work, like many of Schubert's, is comparatively weak; the developments appear less to grow out of the main themes than to be appended to them; but the composer's genius, and especially his marvellous gift of "tune," triumph over everything; and the verdict at which the hearer is compelled to arrive at the close of the work is that, whatever may be the technical shortcomings, it is absolutely impossible not to enjoy it.

Another great charm of the octett lies in its exquisite orchestration. Suggested, doubtless, by Beethoven's well-known septett, it is written for the same combination of instruments, with the addition of a second violin, to complete the family of the strings; and the instrumental effects obtained are simply delightful. The horn especially is treated with rare felicity, as witness the lovely solo passage in the first *allegro*; and the combinations of tone-colour are frequently as novel as

they are beautiful. The way in which the balance is preserved between the wind and the single stringed instruments is masterly; and I was on Saturday more than ever confirmed in the conviction I expressed in these columns on the occasion of the performance of the work at the Crystal Palace (see ACADEMY, March 21), that the experiment of converting the work into a quasi-symphony, by playing it with a full orchestra, is a grave artistic mistake which can only result in a caricature.

The performance of the octett on Saturday was on the whole an excellent one, though open in one or two points to criticism. The string parts were excellently played by Messrs. Straus, Ries, Zerbin, Piatti and Reynolds (double-bass); and the clarinet, bassoon, and horn were in the competent hands of Messrs. Lazarus, Winterbottom, and Paquis. The last-named gentleman deserves especial mention for his most artistic performance of the very difficult horn part. There were, notwithstanding, two blemishes of importance in the rendering of the work to which attention ought to be called. The first was the omission of two movements—*andante con variazioni* and *minuetto*. These two numbers ought no more to be left out in a performance than the corresponding portions of Beethoven's septett, which are invariably performed. When the octett was first produced there existed a very valid reason for their omission in the fact that they were not published in the old edition of the parts. Since then, however, they have been not only published, but also played at St. James's Hall; and therefore the former reason for their non-performance no longer holds good; and such a work, if given at all, ought certainly to be given as the composer wrote it. The other shortcoming in the performance on Saturday arose from the fact that Mr. Reynolds, like nearly all our English double-bass players, used a three-string bass instead of one with four strings. The latter, which has a compass of a fourth lower than our English instruments, is invariably in use in Germany, and German composers always write for it accordingly. By its non-employment it becomes necessary to transpose many of the lower passages in the double-bass part an octave higher. This was done on Saturday, in many cases to the utter destruction of the composer's idea. It is to be hoped that at future performances of this work a proper four-stringed bass will always be employed.

The pianist on Saturday was Dr. Bülow, who gave a highly characteristic rendering of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, and joined Signor Piatti in a really magnificent performance of Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for piano and violoncello. It was impossible in listening to this beautiful work not to be struck by the contrast as regards the finish of the workmanship with Schubert's octett. Few people would think of ranking Mendelssohn as high as Schubert in creative genius; but as regards mastery of form there can be no question that the younger composer is far superior. No one, not even Beethoven himself, surpassed Mendelssohn in complete command of the "technique" of composition. I have already said that the performance of the sonata was a magnificent one; but I must add that Signor Piatti, if possible, surpassed himself. The perfection of his tone and phrasing, and especially the deep feeling which he threw into the slow movement, cannot be described on paper. Finer playing has never been heard.

The vocalist was Miss Leonora Braham, who sang an old-fashioned but pleasing song by Paisiello and Schubert's "Meine Ruh' ist hin" with much taste and considerable *tremolo*.

EBENEZER PROUT.

THE last of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts before Christmas was given last Saturday, when Sir Frederick Ouseley's oratorio *Hagar* was performed. This very unequal work was com-

posed for the Hereford festival of last year, and was first produced on that occasion. As might perhaps be expected from the Professor of Music at the University of Oxford, which position, as many of our readers will be aware, Sir Frederick holds, the fugal writing is the finest part of the present work. The concerts will be resumed on January 16, when Beethoven's symphony in A is announced, and Mr. Oscar Beringer is to play Schumann's concerto in A minor.

THE Mendelssohn house at Berlin, which has long enjoyed a world-wide renown from its association with departed genius, is about to be pulled down, and rebuilt in a form better adapted to secure a profitable rental for its proprietor. It was familiar to travellers as well as to native-born Berliners through the black marble tablet on the front which recorded in gold letters that within its walls "the immortal M. Mendelssohn had lived and laboured, who was born at Dessau in 1729, and died at Berlin in 1786." The house was subsequently occupied by Rammler, Mylius, Nicolai, Lessing, and the younger Mendelssohn.

THE King of Bavaria has again come to the rescue of the Wagner enterprise at Bayreuth, and advanced a sum of 18,000 florins to aid in the completion of the new theatre, the actual cost of whose erection and fitting up far exceeds the estimates.

A GRAND bazaar under royal and aristocratic patronage has just been held at Berlin in aid of Wagner's Bayreuth scheme, which has been so successful that on the first day alone 7,000 thalers (1,050*l.*) were taken.

OF Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" in D there was an ideal performance a week ago in Vienna. The solo parts by Mmes. Marie Wilt (Vilda), and Karoline Gomperz-Bottelheim, and Herren Walter and Rokitsansky; Concertmeister Joseph Hellmesberger was the leader, and Johannes Brahms conducted. Brahms corrected on this occasion a traditional mistake. At previous performances the A was always beaten on the drum in the twenty-ninth bar from the end of the "Agnus Dei," and further on—on the wrong supposition that the drums, which are originally in B flat and F, must change their key after the D flat movement to D—A, and the B flat in the last twenty-nine bars of the Mass was taken as a misprint for A. At the beginning, however, there is the note "Tympani in B—F," and this instruction is not altered throughout the score. The B near the close is, therefore, no error. The mistake has been repeated through all the performances for many years, and even Julius Stern introduced it into his pianoforte edition. Brahms has now restored the original text. The boldness with which the B appears in the drum is of enormous effect—says Dr. Hanslick in the *Neue Freie Presse*. It should be added that in this country, so far as we are aware, the drum part has always been played as Beethoven wrote it.

SPOHR's "Paternoster" was performed at the Sing-Akademie in Vienna with small success, and the lately discovered four-part Hymn in D by Friedemann Bach ("Cantate Domino") is pronounced by competent critics to be one of his weakest works. The Komische Oper prepares for production *Die Beiden Schützen* by Lortzing, *Der Musikfeind* by Gené, *Gille et Gilotin* by Ambroise Thomas, and *Jean et Jeannette* by Victor Massé. Schumann's "Manfred" music was to be performed in Vienna (for the first time the complete work) on the 22nd of this month, conducted by Herr von Herbeck. Herr Lewinsky will recite the poem. A quartett by Herbeck was performed for the first time last week at Hellmesberger's soirée.

A PRIZE of 1,000 thalers was offered some time since by a committee at Dortmund, for a musical setting of a hymn in honour of Bismarck. One

hundred and fifty composers have sent in works for competition, among which are over a hundred for soli, chorus, and full orchestra, twenty-five songs with pianoforte accompaniment, four large instrumental works, eight marches, and one sonata for piano. The successful competitor is not yet announced.

THREE new symphonies (which the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* speaks of as "striking works") by Ph. Rüfer, H. Urban, and W. Barziel, have been produced at Berlin.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE *Times* announces that Victor Hugo has sent to the printer the first and second parts of his new poem, which is a sequel to the *Légende des Siècles*. It is entitled *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*, and is divided into parts—the "Vent du Drame," the "Vent de l'Ordre," the "Vent de la Satire," and the "Vent de la Comédie." The first part contains three unpublished dramas in verse.

THE New Shakspeare Society has resolved to follow the example of the Early English Text Society, and offer to a certain number of colleges and schools, in which English is systematically taught, some of the Society's publications as a yearly prize for an examination in Shakspeare. The first set of books thus offered to each college or school will be the Society's editions, by Mr. P. A. Daniel, of *Romeo and Juliet*: 1. A reprint of the Quarto of 1597; 2. A reprint of the Quarto of 1599; 3. Parallel-Text of the two Quartos of 1597 and 1599; 4. The revised text, with critical notes and introduction by Mr. Daniel. The kindness of Prince Leopold has enabled the Society to include his gift to its members among the books it will yearly offer as prizes. Any college or school desiring these books should apply to the New Shakspeare Society's director (Mr. F. J. Furnivall, 3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.); or honorary secretary (Mr. A. G. Snelgrove, London Hospital, E.).

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